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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE"

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For the Register.

FEAR YE DEATH?

BY JANE F. LOCKE.

Fear ye the monster, Death,
Ye in your glory's pride;
Shrink ye with silent breath,
From the phantom at your side?
As ye feel it near,
'Heave ye the sigh?
Ye who dare to live,
Dare ye not to die?

Ye who have met earth's scorn,
With heart unflinching, true;
With power inbred, inborn,
Walked nobly with the few;
Deeper hath this tried
Soul, strength, and breath,
Than shall the turgid tide,
Of the river—Death.

Who with unquivering frame,
And never faltering tread,
With clear eye as the flame,
Have walked above their dead;
Burning all the while
The dear one's name,
Mid their toil or smile,
Lip and heart the same;

Who strew with flowers the sward,
Or raise some some fallen throne,
Reaping a base reward
For angel deeds alone;
Meekly they who bear
Fresh, dewy bays;
Or they who never share
Glory for their lays;

Toiling and weary who essay,
Light cheerful strains along,
Earth's dark and trial way,
Where well might faint the strong;
Desolate who stand,
In their life's morn,
And with outstretched hand
Grasp the piercing thorn;

May surely courage have,
To face the ghastly foe;
And, where the willows wave,
Triumphant look below.
For what is there, there,
They have not borne?—
Relief from strife's despair—
"Twilight of the morn."

It is our *Life* requires,
The fortitude divine;
With its uncrowned desires,
Dark shrouding every shrine;
With its yearnings deep,
For good unfound;
Tears that strained eyes weep,
Watering the ground.

Life, with its ceaseless wail,
Its love's unanswered call;
Its withered hopes, that pale
The hearts in hut and hall,
Its dark, bitter wave,
Where the faint soul
Her bleeding wounds must lave,
Passing to the goal—

Life is the trial hour;—
Who can its sorrows bear,
Nor shrivel in their power,
Pale Death may firmly dare!
No dark dread it hath,
The soul to pall,
That hath in holy faith,
Passed Life's perils all.

Wamesit Cottage, Nov. 1848.

A NEW ENGLISH DRAMA.

We have the pleasure of presenting to our readers the following drama, which was performed at Windsor Castle. There was but one copy received by the last steamer, and it was obligingly loaned to us by a distinguished literary gentleman, whose name we are not at liberty to divulge.

This drama, we may premise, is founded on a well-known historical incident which occurred in England before the introduction of Christianity, which enjoins the doing of good for evil, and the forgiveness of enemies, into that now enlightened Island. The Irish people being reduced by bad weather and barbarous laws to a state of starvation, one of the native chieftains, named Smith O'Brien, made an unsuccessful attempt to better the condition of his brethren. For this offence (!) he was taken prisoner, tried for treason and sentenced to be hung, beheaded and quartered, and his mangled corpse placed at the disposal of the reigning Monarch of Great Britain, who happened to be the young and beautiful Queen Victoria. How she disposed of the bloody and mangled remains is unknown, but it appears that the author of the drama has supplied the hiatus in English history.

THE QUEEN OF THE BRITISH ISLANDS,
or,
THE END OF THE IRISH REBELLION.

A Drama in One Act.

ACT. 1st. SCENE 1st.—Windsor Castle.—Queen Victoria discovered sitting in an easy chair, Prince Albert playing a waltz on an Evard piano forte, the young princes and princesses are romping with each other, and the whole forms one of those tableaux of domestic felicity which the British nation take such pride in. The British Lion is discovered asleep in one corner of the apartment, and on the flower-stand is a pot with the rose, shamrock and thistle all growing on one stem. An Irish harp, without any strings, is hanging over the fire-place. The Prince suddenly stops playing.

Queen Victoria. Albert, my love, play on.
Prince Albert. As I'm a sinner,
I'm hungry grown, and now must go to dinner.

(*A knock at the door.*)

Q. V. Who's there?
Lord Cham. Your Majesty, 'tis Lord John Russell, He's just arrived from Clonmel in a bustle.

(*Enter Lord John Russell, followed by the Chief Justice Blackburne, with a black cap on his head, and a bloody sack on his shoulders.*)

Lord John. Heaven save your Majesty and sons and daughters.
We've brought you here O'Brien's head and quarters.
I see, as Hamlet says, you already nose 'em,
How will your gracious Majesty dispose 'em?

Prince A. Vat! Smeet O'Brien, dat vicked Irish rebel!
Oh, 'twas mosh proper he be murdered treble,
Hung and beheaded, and den cut in quarter,
'Twas he that caused the great Shievenammon slaughter.

Judge B. Your Highness, he was like our Irish Catos,
Who rebels turn because they want potatoes.
There are his head, his quarters and his shoulders.

(*Empties the sack on the Floor.*)

Q. V. A welcome sight for all our large fund holders.

Lord John. Isn't it a pretty dish to set before a Queen?

Q. V. A finer one I think was never seen.
My Lord Chief Justice, does the law bestow
On me to say where these four limbs shall go?

Judge B. It does, your Majesty, and rightly, too. A wife and mother should such business do.

Q. V. Then take this arm to Balmoral, in the Highlands,
This leg I'll send to the King of the Cannibal Islands,
This to her Majesty of Madagascar,
To pay her for a present of a Lascar;
This to my cousin, Nicholas of Russia,
Haste and be off, the flesh is growing mushy.
The head I'll keep, and when it's washed with water,
Alice, my child, shall play Herodias daughter.

The British Lion wags his tail, and growls to show his approbation. The folding doors open, and discover the whole British nation, gaping with wonder at the clemency of her Majesty. In the distance is seen the whole Irish nation embarking for the United States. All the nobility, the gentry, the shop-keepers, the fundholders, the dandies, the pensioners, the army and navy, the old grannies, the clergy, the lawyers, the *Times* and *Punch*, join hands, and after licking the dust, begin to chaunt "God Save the Queen."

The Curtain Drops.

[New London Island City.

[The article below is from the *Christian Inquirer* of Nov. 18th, and, though no signature indicates from whom it comes, bears the unmistakeable marks of the hand of Dr. Dewey, the author of the article in the Examiner to which this in the Inquirer, in the opening sentence, refers.]

OUR POSITION CONSIDERED.

AS CONTROVERSIAL, AS FREE, AND AS SECTARIAN.

It was observed in a late article in the *Christian Examiner*, that as a religious body we had arrived at an extraordinary state of self-criticism; and although some disposition was shown by the writer to discourage that tendency, yet it must be confessed that it is natural, and so far may be wisely used and improved. The tendency is natural in this view; we are coming out from long controversy and have arrived at a state of comparative repose. We have now leisure to ask for the results of this conflict; to ask what we are doing to vindicate our claim to a juster exposition of Christianity than that of our neighbors. We set ourselves up to be reformers of the popular Christianity, and it is time to ask whether we have reformed *ourselves*. For although the superficial dogmatist may fancy this or that creed to be adapted as an opiate to the conscience, and an escape from duty, yet he shows, we think, that he does not even understand *human nature* in this; for so much is left of God's spirit in that nature, that no sane and thinking man, studious of the Christian religion, can possibly be satisfied unless he finds the deepest traits of this religion in himself.

From this natural tendency of thought, then, and from the present crisis of our condition, we shall take occasion to offer some remarks on the nature of the contest we have passed through, upon the freedom we have asserted and attained, upon the sectarianism with which we are charged, and upon that deeper and spiritual culture to which we are called.

I. Let us be permitted, then, modestly but truly, to say in the first place, that we have fought our way through a great and serious contest. If a small political party, consisting of a few hundreds, had taken its stand forty years ago, on certain unpopular principles, if it had taken ground that cut it off from all emolument, office and honor among the people, nay, that drew upon it the reproach and hostility of all parties, and if it had firmly maintained its position to this day, we will not say to what respect it would be fairly entitled, but we will say it would have been warranted in the feeling that it had passed through a grave and solemn conflict. They who have never taken their place in the ranks of a proscribed religious communion, can have but a very faint conception of what it is to take and maintain such a position. To be called heretics, to be classed with infidels, to be denied all religious communion and fellowship, to be cut off from the Christian body in all formal statistics, to encounter loss in business, coldness in society, and bitter griefs and alienations in the nearer relations of life; all this hardship may be a light thing to look upon by those who stand at a distance from it, but it is not a light thing to experience. They cannot understand it, and we wish they never may. We think they will not. We believe that the worst of the *odium theologicum* has passed away. It has been far from being to us what it was to dissenters three centuries ago, and it will never be again what it has been in our day. A new feeling with regard to religious divisions has been growing up in this country, and within the last ten years more rapidly than ever before. And we ourselves, since we have come out of the heat of the contest, we able to look more calmly and candidly upon the opposition of our brethren as natural and, for them, right. That it should be fair, just, candid, is all we demand, or indeed ever did very earnestly demand.

But opinion must ever be dear to those who hold it; and, perhaps, the last victory of Christian nobleness will be to make opinion tolerant and patient of resistence. Certainly religious opinion is making some progress to this consummation.

And we think that we have done something towards bringing about "a consummation so devoutly to be wished." We have gone through a great conflict, and sometimes it has been "a great fight of afflictions" to us; and, in one sense, we have gained the victory. We are respectable, and we are respected. With the lord chancellor Thurlow, on another occasion, we may say to our opponents, "we are as respectable and as much respected" as they are. The country at large does us this justice. Our contributions to the best literature of the country, if they were reckoned up, we think would create some surprise. We are humble helpers of the good cause of morality and piety in the land. We are founders of the Ministry for the Poor in cities, and of an enterprise in this city,—"The Employment society,"—which commends itself to good men of all sects. We count nearly a million of adherents to the leading tenet of our faith,—the simple Unity of God. And what we deem of no less importance, we feel that we are gaining a liberty to speak to our brethren of our faiths that we never had before. We feel that we can say to many of them in private intercourses, "let us talk frankly of our difference; how do you defend such or such a point of your faith?" and that we can say this without encountering mere dogmatizing for answer, or meeting with uplifted hands.

We have just referred to the distinctive tenet of our faith,—that which denominates us as a class of Christians; but the truth is, there is somemething deeper in the *rationale* of the controveray in question than any dogma. It is not dogma that we care for in religion, so much as something else. There is ever a way of thinking that lies behind the positive tendencies of opinion. That way of thinking among us has been characterised as rational—and that justly—though often as a matter of reproach. But right or wrong, this was undoubtedly our standpoint. We *would* see religion as a rational thing; we would not accept it as anything opposed to reason. Hence we were more deeply interested in general religious sentiments than in any particular doctrines. And we have been interested in the doctrines chiefly because of their reflected influence upon the sentiments. And we have really been drawn into controversy about doctrines, not of our own motion, but because it is on the doctrinal points that we have been chiefly assailed. This tendency, perhaps, has led us to take less interest in Theology than we ought. There are those among us who think so, and perhaps they are right. There are those who think the state of theological science among us is low, and it may be true. Our main concern has certainty been with religion as a principle and feeling in our own minds. Our main desire has been that it should be a just, wise, sacred, and venerable thing to us; that no views should be inculcated among us that were derogatory to God, or distorting, darkening, discouraging to true piety and virtue. We desire to see religion in its nobleness and beauty. It was not because we were indifferent to this grandest form of all human worth and welfare, that we have taken such part as we have taken in the religious discussions of this country, but because we were interested in it. of we had been indifferent to it we could have let it alone. We could have let discussions, dogmas, disputes, take their course; many have. With our feeling, it was not our part to do so. Would our brethren have been better pleased if we had? God is witness that we *could* not take any deep and satisfactory interest in the religion they taught us. Would they have had us pass by the subject in utter neglect? We trust not.

On the whole, we would speak with no arrogance of the results at which we have arrived. We do not pretend that we hold all the truth there is in the world. We may have been and may still be wrong in some things. But even if it should be made apparent to us, that the Infinite Being, of whose mode of existence we are profoundly ignorant, had been pleased to reveal himself in some *three-fold* manifestation, it would not follow that our resistance to the popular doctrine of the Trinity, has been uncalled for. Some of the most venerable orthodox divines and critics of Germany, of England, and of this country, have questioned the common exposition of that doctrine. We believe that there is an increasing conviction that Trinitarianism must take more cautious ground, must retreat some considerable way from its positive assertions on this subject. And then with regard to the atonement, and election, and regeneration, and human depravity, who does not know that these doctrines have passed through great modifications in the churches generally, within the last thirty or forty years? Has then, our questioning of them been without cause, or without fruit? What would theology be now, if nobody had called it in question? What it was half a century ago. Does anybody think that would have been desirable?

In short in this great and dim world of opinion, we are all struggling for light. We have all committed errors. We have none of us attained, nor are yet already perfect. We trust that this will be seen, and that a universal brotherhood of inquiry, candor, freedom, and love; will be the fit bond and blessedness of the great company of Christians.

II. A brotherhood of *freedom*, we say; and we think that among ourselves we have arrived at that enviable condition. We do not say, however, that it is "the bond of perfectness" yet. Whoever would—by force of numbers, of social oppression, of prescription or creed, of old authority, of any authority but that of truth—whoever, we say, would by these means overawe or restrain men's minds, with a view to bend them to his opinion, does not truly respect their rightful freedom. And it would be too much to claim for any considerable body of men a *complete* exemption from this spirit. But certainly it does not prevail among us. We say fearlessly, "let every man think for himself, decide for himself, adopt what faith he will, let the consequences of this principle fall where they may, they are not ours to guard; the true principle will take care of its own results." Not that we are indifferent to opinion, farthest from it; but we conceive that we have no business to restrain it by any influence but that of simple reasoning. If we disapprove of any doctrine that comes to us from abroad, or springs up among ourselves, we have a right to express that disapprobation. But such expression does not infringe upon freedom, unless it be arrogant, overbearing, uncandid, or unkind; and all this we utterly discountenance.

We are free, then, an we count it an immense, an almost inappreciable privilege. Not that it is an unconditional, and absolute good. Those attributes belong only to the highest truth, the highest love. Freedom may be abused. So may the light of the sun; it may open the path to evil deeds, but without it, nobody can find his way. The light may be abused, but who does not say, "give me light?" And who does not say, "give me freedom!" There are those who, by bitter experience, can tell us of its value—can tell us, what we do not know, perhaps, through long and unquestioned enjoyment of blessing. There is no such galling yoke in the world, as that which presses on the mind. There is no more bitter tyranny than that which says, "take care what you think; the Church, the Presbytery, the Consistory will take note of it."

Some of our readers will remember a speech, once made by an eloquent Methodist, I would rather say Apostolic preacher, in one of our Autumnal Conventions. He congratulated us on our freedom. He exhorted us to use it nobly. And then, with one of those happy illustrations ever ready to occur to his vivid memory and imagination, he thus enforced his meaning.—"Some time since," he said, "an Indian chief, with some of his tribe, visited one of our cities. He was invited, with his friends, to the mansion of an opulent merchant. As he entered a suite of splendid apartments, and looked around upon paintings, rich hangings and costly furniture, he turned to his host, and said: 'It is very good; you have great and beautiful house to live in; but I,' he said, with lifted gaze and outstretched hand as if they swept over the world; '*I walk large.*—I go, one day, through the wilderness—and then—I go another day—*I walk large.*' "Brethren," said the noble confessor, walk large!"

III. And this illustration leads us to another point, and that is the alleged sectarianism in which it is sometimes said that we exceed all other classes of Christians. We were told in our last "Ministerial Conference"—for we are wont to tell one another very plain things,—of two eminent Orthodox clergymen, who attended a meeting of our American Unitarian Association, and who observed, on returning home, "that it was the most intensely sectarian communion that ever they saw."

Now we will frankly confess that we have painfully felt the same thing, but not in the same way. Not in the same way; for we have a most material discrimination to offer on this point.—But we are willing first to say, in general, that we have heard a great deal of language, in our public meetings, and from the pulpit too, that was not agreeable to us. We are wont to speak of the doctrinal results at which we have arrived, with less modesty, we fear, than is becoming. It ought to be remembered, indeed, for our defence, that by long continued opposition and disparagement, we have been pushed to self-assertion beyond our proper bias. We have met assertion with assertion, assurance with assurance. It is to be considered that when *we* have met together on the great Christian Anniversaries, our position has been singular. We have not been allowed a place in the recognized Christian Fellowship. We have been treated as a hostile party. We have been driven to self-defence, to rejoinder, to testifying. When we have been charged with denying the Gospel, we have naturally said, and insisted, and reiterated, that we do maintain it, and that in the truest sense. When we have been called Infidels, we have asserted, as we believed, that it is we who are doing the most to save the world from Infidelity. In short, we have been driven to something like arrogance in this matter. It was not well: it was not seemly; we regret it. It is not to our taste at all. But something must be forgiven us by the candid. Some allowance must be made for the promiscuous debatings of a body—the headstrong, the calm and earnest, the modest and confident, altogether—of a body, we say, situated as we have been. We trust that all this is to pass away.

But to go now to the point of discrimination that we proposed to state; we say that, in the better sense of the word, we *are* intensely sectarian, while in the worse, we are farthest possible from it. That is to say, we are satisfied, in a singular degree, of the correctness of our views of Christianity. We have *examined* our opinions as few other bodies of Christians can pretend to have examined theirs. This we owe not to any merit of ours that we care to insist upon, but to our position. Ours are not inherited opinions. We have taken them up for ourselves. We have adopted them, because we have examined them. Nobody can say, that, through fanaticism, or in any sweeping tide of popular excitement, we have come to our conclusions. No, in silent, solitary, neglected, proscribed conscientiousness, we have done this.

But now, in the worse sense, we say that we are farthest possible from being sectarian. There is no clanship among us, and no proscription. We do not take up or make much of, or help forward those who come among us from other sects. This is perfectly well known. It is sometimes seriously complained of. It is said we are cold, and even proud. We *are* very fastidious upon this point undoubtedly. We cannot bear that the Christian bond should shrink to anything like favoritism, to anything narrower than the bond of universal love; and we do not sufficiently remember, perhaps, that we cannot do good to everybody, and should do it first to those who are nearest to us. We really think that our anti-sectarianism carries us too far in that respect; that we are too general, vague, and cosmopolite in our Christian regards and relations and that a true Christian love and tenderness lose something thereby.

Then, as to proscription—there is not a living soul among us that does not know, that a man of *any* sect—Trinitarian or Calvinist, Methodist or Presbyterian—who comes to us in a kind and catholic spirit, is welcome to our churches, to our homes and hearts. We care nothing for these distinctions in comparison with a charitable, good, and liberal mind. This anti-sectarian Catholicism lies at the very foundation of our religious system, deeper that all dogmas, all forms, all else that we contend for. The noble confessor, of whom we just spoke, told us that he did not agree with us in many things; that he was a Methodist and a Trinitarian; that he held we like him the less for that? Not a whit. We liked him, we had almost said, the better. We were glad that all such distinctions could be merged and melted down in that spirit of freedom and love that breathed through him.

We would now gladly say something of that deeper spiritual culture to which we are called; but we must leave that topic to another occasion.

TRUE AND FALSE CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

[From Dr. Chalmer's Sabbath Scripture Readings.]

"MATTHEW IV.—Jesus would not put forth his own miraculous powers to save himself from perishing by hunger, but trusted for his miraculous preservation, should such be necessary, at the hands of God. Let me not do aught that is unwarrantable for the sake even of my most urgent interests, though by all the likelihoods of experience and nature they should be in the most imminent jeopardy; but be still, and settle all my confidence on Him who, either with or without visible means, can do what is best for me—against hope believing in hope—and strong in faith, giving glory to God. But let not the subtle adversary lay hold of this good and great principle; and transforming himself into an angel of light, seduce me therewith to a transgression on the other side—to a vain and presumptuous confidence in the Divine interposition to save me from the consequences of my own hardihood and folly. Let me not, particularly in the hope of miracles, brave the lessons and likelihoods of experience. Let me have respect to the constancy of nature; nor wantonly make trial of God, whether He will intermit or suspend it, to supplement my deficiencies or correct my errors. The law of gravitation kept the omnipotent Saviour from casting himself headlong, and so incurring the uncalled-for expense of a miracle that the temerity might be rectified. And this very delusion wherewith Satan plied the mind of the Son of God, he still practises on us—in myself I know by one of the most destructive and deep-laid of his spells. I have no right to look for miracles of grace in behalf of my children—if I myself will not put into busy operation the means of grace. I can pray for their regeneration. Yet I do not labor and testify and teach for their regeneration. I am stricken with silence, and restrained from making utterance on the subject of their souls. The presence of one visitor will chill me, not into indifference for the eternity of those around me, but will set a seal on all my powers of expression, and wholly paralyse me through the operation of a spiritual cowardice. And yet, though I will not dare one word on the topic in society, I can in secret pour forth my supplication to God for the influence of His Spirit on the souls of those who are near and dear to me."

"MARK XI.—This presents us with another exemplification of a providence in minute things. It is a lesson wherewith I should like to be charged. My God, enable me thus to incorporate, or rather to animate, the sensible with the spiritual. May I see thy regulating hand in every passing and every present object; may I ever be ready to interpret aright thy providence by a fit application of thy precepts, to all the events and circumstances of my history. Let me not forget that they who welcomed Christ with their hosannas, in a few days called out—crucify him. Let me not build any confidence whatever on popularity, but through evil report and good report, may I be enabled to prosecute the even and upright tenor of my way. Meanwhile, let me not by the fear of those in authority be restrained from asserting the strictly spiritual character of the house of God. Let me render all the feeble assistance I can to the object of warding off the contaminations of secularity of earthly power from the administration of our affairs; and guide me O Lord, aright between the corrupt influence of rulers on the one hand, and the often no less corrupting influence of the multitude on the other. That is a truly important and delightful interlude which we have on the subject of the fig-tree, and the lesson founded thereupon of faith in God. We hence learn the might and efficacy of an undeviating confidence in the act of supplicating God. O increase my faith, and perfect that which is lacking in it. Let me not doubt in my heart that what I pray for shall come to pass: but let me understand that faith is possible only in the light of evidence—just as vision is possible only in the element of the material light. Blessed be thy name, O God, for the clear evidence thou hast poured on the best and most precious interests of our being, as the legitimate objects of faith, and therefore the subjects of hope, nay, of altogether confident prayer."

THE TRIAL SERMON.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

We will not name the village where the actors in the following incidents resided, and it is sufficient for us to say, that it lay in the county of Berwick, and within the jurisdiction of the Presbytery of Dunse. Eternity has gathered forty winters into its bosom since the principal events took place. Janet Jeffrey was left a widow before her only child had completed his tenth year. While her husband lay upon his death bed, he called her to his bedside, and taking her hand within his, he groaned, gazed on her face, and said—"Now, Janet, I'm gaun a long an' a dark journey, but ye winna forget, Janet—ye winna forget—for ye ken it has aye been uppermost in my thoughts and first in my desires, to make Thomas a minister—promise me that ae thing, Janet, that, if it be His will, ye will see it performed, an' I will die in peace." In sorrow the pledge was given, and in joy performed. Her life became wrapt in her son's life; and it was her morning and her evening prayer that she might live to see her "dear Thomas as a shining light in the kirk." Often she declared that she was an auld farrant bairn, and could ask a blessing like ony minister. Our wishes and affections, however, often blind our judgment. Nobody but the mother thought the son fitted for the kirk, nor the kirk fitted for him. There was always something original, almost poetical, about him—but still Thomas was 'no orator as Brutus was.' His mother had few means beyond the labor of her hands for their support. She had kept him at the parish school until he was fifteen, and he had learned all that his master knew; and in three years more, by rising early and sitting late at her daily toils, and the savings of his field labor and occasional teaching, she was enabled to make preparations for sending him to Edinburg. Never did her wheels spin so blithly since her husband was taken from her side, as when she put the first lint upon the rock for his college sarks. Proudly did she show to her neighbors her double spinel yarn—observing, 'It's nae finer than he deserves, poor fellow, for he'll pay me back some day.' The web was bleached and the shirts made by her own hands; and the day of his departure arrived. It was a day of joy mingled with anguish. He attended the classes, regularly and faithfully; and truly as St. Giles' marked the hour, the long, lean figure of Thomas Jeffrey, in a suit of shabby black, and half a dozen volumes under his arm, was seen issuing from his garret in the West Bow—darting down the frail stair with the velocity of a shadow—measuring the Lawn-market and High-street with gigantic strides—gliding like a ghost up the South Bridges, and sailing through the gothic archway of the college, till the punctual student was lost in the inner chambers.

Years rolled by, and at length the great and awful day arrived—

"Big with the fate of Thomas and his mother."

He was to preach his trial sermon, and where? In his own parish, in his native village! It was summer, but his mother rose by daybreak. Her son, however, was at his studies before her: and when she entered his bedroom with a swimming heart and swimming eyes, Thomas was stalking across the floor, swinging his arms, stamping his feet, and shouting his sermon to the trembling curtains of a four post-bed, which she had purchased in honor of him alone. 'Oh, my bairn! my matchless bairn!' cried she, 'what a day of joy this is for your poor mother! But oh, bairney, hae ye it weel aff! I hope there's nae, mother—nae stickin' or using notes!' Dinna vine; 'stickin' and notes are out o' the question. 'I hae every word o' it as clink as the A B C.' The appointed hour arrived. She was first at the kirk. Her heart felt too big for her bosom. She could not sit; she walked again to the air; she trembled back; she gazed restless on the pulpit. The parish minister gave out the Psalm; the book shook while she held it. The minister prayed; again gave out a Psalm, and left the pulpit. The book fell from Mrs. Jeffrey's hand. A tall figure paced along the passage. He reached the pulpit stairs; took two steps at once. It was a bad omen; but arose from the length of his limbs, not levity. He opened the door, his knees smote one upon another. He sat down—he was paler than death. He rose; his bones were paralytic. The bible was opened; his mouth opened at the same time, and remained open, but said nothing. His large eyes stared wildly around; at length his teeth chattered, and the text was announced, though half the congregation disputed it. 'My brethren!' said he once, and the whiteness of his countenance increased; but he said no more. 'My brethren!' responded he a second time; his teeth chattered louder; his cheeks became clammy and deathlike. 'My brethren!' stammered he a third time, emphatically, and his knees fell together. A deep groan echoed from his mother's pew. His wildness increased—'My mother!' exclaimed the preacher.

These were the last words he ever uttered in a pulpit. The shaking and the agony began in his heart, and his body caught the contagion.—He covered his face with his hands, fell back, and wept. His mother screamed aloud, and fell back also; and thus perished her toils, her husband's prayer, her fond anticipations, and the pulpit oratory of her son. A few neighbors crowded around her to console her and render assistance. They led her to the door. She gazed upon them with a look of vacancy; thrice sorrowful waved her hand in token that they should leave her; for the words fell on her heart like dew upon a furnace. Silently she arose and left them, and reaching her cottage, threw herself upon her bed in bitterness. She shed no tears, neither did she groan, but her bosom heaved with burning agony. Sickness smote Thomas to his very heart; yea, even unto blindness he was sick. His tongue was like heated iron in his mouth, and his throat like parched land. He was led from the pulpit. But he escaped not the persecution of the unfeeling titter, and the expression of shallow pity. He would have rejoiced to have dwelt in darkness forever, but there was no escape from the eyes of his tormentors. The congregation stood in groups in the kirkyard, 'just,' as they said, 'to hae another look at the orator;' and he must pass through the midst of them. With his very soul steeped in shame, and his cheeks covered with confusion, he stepped from the kirk door. A humming noise issued through the crowd and every one turned their faces towards him. His misery was greater than he could bear. 'You was oratory for ye!' said one. 'Poor devil!' added another, 'I'm sorry; but it was as guid as a play.' 'Was it tragedy or comedy?' inquired a third, laughing as he spoke.

The remarks fell upon his ear; he grated his teeth in madness, but he could endure no more; and, covering his face with his hands, he bounded on like a wounded deer to his mother's cottage. In despair he entered the house, scarce knowing what he did. He beheld her where she had fallen upon the bed, dead to all her misery. 'O mother, mother!' he cried, 'dinna ye be angry—dinna ye add to the afflictions of your son!' Will ye no, mother? will ye no?' A low groan was his only answer. He hurried to and fro across the room, wringing his hands. 'Mother,' he again exclaimed, 'will ye no speak se word?—Oh, woman! Oh, woman! ye wadna be angry if ye kinned what an awfu' thing it is to see a thousan' een below ye and aboon ye, and round about ye, a' staring upon ye like condemning judges and looking into your very soul; ye hae nae idea of it, mother; I tell ye, ye hae nae idea of it, or ye wadna be angry. The very pulpit floor goed down wi' me; the kirk was gaed round about, and I thought the very crown of my head wad pitch on the top of the precentor. The very een of the multitude soomed round me like fishes! and oh, woman! are ye dumb! will ye torment me mair? can ye not speak, mother?' But he spoke to one who never spoke again.—Her reason departed, and her speech failed, but grief remained. She had lived upon one hope, and that hope was destroyed.

Her round ruddy cheeks and portly form wasted away, and within a few weeks, the neighbors who performed the last act of humanity, declared that a thinner corpse was never wrapped in a winding sheet than Mrs. Jeffrey. Time soothed but did not heal the sorrow, the shame, and the disappointment of her son. He sank into a village teacher, and often, in the midst of his little school, he would quote his first, his only text; imagine his children to be his congregation; attempt to proceed; gaze wildly around for a moment, and sit down and weep. Through these aberrations his school dwindled into nothingness; and poverty increased his delirium. Once, in the midst of the remaining few, he gave forth the fatal text: "My brethren!" he exclaimed, and smiting his hand upon his forehead, cried 'speak mother; speak now!' and fell with his face upon the floor. The children rushed screaming from the school; and, when the villagers entered, the troubled spirit had fled forever.

HOW TO RISE: A HINT TO CLERGYMEN.

On Tuesday evening, at a meeting held at Preston in favor of the early closing movement, the Rev. B. Powell, who presided, took occasion, in the course of his speech, to relate the following concerning the Bishop of London:—

The latter, on being solicited as to what time would be convenient for an interview the following morning, replied, "At any time after four o'clock." He (the chairman) said, "My lord, do you rise so early as four o'clock." His lordship answered, "I do: if I had not made a practice of rising early, I should never have been your bishop." [Church and State Gazette.

TEACHING IDIOTS.

[From Dr. Howe's Report.]

But the immediate adoption of proper means for training and teaching idiots, may be urged upon higher grounds than that of expediency, or even of charity; it may be urged upon the ground of imperative duty. It has been shown, that the number of this wretched class is fearfully great; that a large part of them are directly at the public charge; that the whole of them are at the charge of the community in one way or another, because they cannot help themselves. It has been shown, that they are not neglected, but that, through ignorance, they are often badly treated, and cruelly wronged; that, for want of proper means of training, some of them sink from mere weakness of mind, into entire idiocy; so that, though born with a spark of intellect which might be nurtured into a flame, it is gradually extinguished, and they go down darkling to the grave, like the beasts that perish. Other countries are beginning to save such persons from their dreadful fate; and it must not longer be, that here, in the home of Pilgrims, human beings, born with some sense, are allowed to sink into hopeless idiocy, for want of a helping hand.

Massachusetts admits the right of all her citizens to a share in the blessings of education, and she provides it liberally for all her more favored children. If some be blind or deaf, she still continues to furnish them with special instruction at great cost; and will she longer neglect the poor idiot,—the most wretched of all who are born to her,—those who are usually abandoned by their fellows,—who can never, of ity,—will she leave them to their dreadful fate, to a life of brutishness, without an effort in their behalf?

It is true, that the plea of ignorance can be made in excuse for the neglect and ill treatment which they have hitherto received; but this plea can avail us no longer. Other countries have shown us that idiots may be trained to habits of industry, cleanliness, and self-respect; that the highest of them may be measurably restored to self-control, and that the very lowest of them may be raised up from the slough of animal pollution in which they wallow; and can the men of other countries do more than we? Shall we, who can transmute granite and ice into gold and silver, and think it pleasant work,—shall we shrink from the higher task of transforming brutish men back into human shape? Other countries are beginning to rescue their idiots from further deterioration, and even to elevate them; and shall our Commonwealth continue to bury the humble talent of lowly children committed to her motherly care, and let it rot in the earth, or shall she do all that can be done, to render it back with usury to Him who lent it? There should be no doubt about the answer to these questions. The humanity and justice of our rulers will prompt them to take immediate measures for the formation of a school or schools for the instruction and training of idiots.

The benefits to be derived from the establishment of a school for this class of persons upon humane and scientific principles, would be very great. Not only would all the idiots, who should be received into it, be improved in their bodily and mental condition, but all the others, in the State and the country, would be indirectly benefited. The school, if conducted by persons of skill and ability, would be a model for others. Valuable information would be disseminated through the country; it would be demonstrated that no idiot need be confined or restrained by force; that the young can be trained to industry, order, and self-respect; that they can be redeemed from odious and filthy habits, and that there is not one of any age, who may not be made more of a man, and less of a brute, by patience and kindness, directed by energy and skill.

ANTI-SLAVERY SENTIMENTS AT THE SOUTH.

The noble expression of anti-slavery sentiments quoted below was made on the floor of the late General Conference of the M. E, Church, North, by the Rev. Dr. Tomlinson, President of Augusta College, Ky. It is an encouraging indication when such bold language falls from the lips of a prominent and influential clergyman in a slaveholding State. Doctor Tomlinson, alluding to the Church South, says—

"I do not hesitate to say that the controlling influence in that organization is decidedly, unblushingly, and, I may add, exultingly pro-slavery in its character. And the Church itself stands before the world, and will stand before posterity, and, as I verily believe, before the bar of God, as a pro-slavery Church. It is the first and only church that ever has been, and for the honor of our holy Christianity, I do trust in God that it is the last one that ever will be formed with the evident design of throwing up an impregnable rampart for the maintenance and perpetuation of human slavery! ('Amen,' from different parts of the house.) And surely, sir, it is one of the most humiliating spectacles that the sun ever shone upon, that while the civilized world is making a gigantic and glorious struggle in behalf of human liberty, men bearing the name of Methodist preachers, and tracing their genealogy to John Wesley, should be found with coats off, sleeves rolled up, and hammer in hand, as it were, to rivet more tightly, and to rivet forever, the chains of human bondage. Sir; it is a shame—it is a burning shame; it is a most grievous desecration of the very name of Methodism; it is doing gross injustice to the memory of our venerated founder: it is a flagrant outrage against the spirit of the times; it is a scandal to the Christian ministry; in the light of the nineteenth century, it is a scandal to human nature. And in perfect keeping with these sentiments, an able and excellent minister of another denomination, who was born and reared in a slave State, and who then resides and still resides in an interior slave State, remarked to me in conversation on this subject, that the course pursued by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, on the subject of slavery, was enough to bring the bones of John Wesley out of his grave.

For the frank and fearless utterance of these sentiments let no one charge me with being an enemy to the South. I love the South, ('my own, my native land,') with an undying affection; and it is because I love it that I thus speak. Neither let any one say that I am a Southern man with Northern principles merely. I claim to be a Southern man with American principles. I hazard nothing in the assertion that a large majority of the people of the delightful land from which I hail, do most sincerely deprecate the idea that the withering curse of slavery shall be fastened upon them forever; the very thing that this new organization is calculated to do. I believe that I do but echo the predominant sentiments of the great mass of our population, when I say that my heart's desire and prayer to God is, that in some peaceful, constitutional way, the time may soon come when the beautiful and glorious country may not only be 'the home of the brave,' but the 'land of the free,' and of the free only. Then, indeed, will it occupy that commanding position in this great confederacy, which its climate, soil, productions and the generous character of its people, so eminently fit it to occupy."

BE GENTLE. "I walked," said Henry Martyn, "into the village where the boats stopped for the night, and found the worshippers of Gali by the sound of their drums and cymbals. I did not speak to them, on account of their being Bengalese. But being invited to walk in by the Brahmins I walked within the railing, and asked a few questions about the idol. The Brahmin, who spoke bad Hindoostan, disputed with great heat, and his tongue ran faster than I could follow, and the people, who were about one hundred, shouted applause. But I continued to ask my questions without making any remark upon the answers. I asked among other things, whether what I had heard of Vishnu and Brahma were true, which they confessed. I forebore to press him with the consequences, which he seemed to feel, and so I told him what was my belief. The man grew quite mild, and said it was *chula bat*, (good words,) and asked me seriously at last, what I thought—was idol worship true or false; I feel it a matter of thankfulness that I could make known the truth of God, though but a stammerer, and that I had declared it in the presence of a devil. And this I also learned, *that the power of gentleness is irresistible.*

ANECDOTE OF REV. DR. BELKNAP. A rough countryman asked Dr. Belknap, one day, if he really believed there was such a man as Job.—The doctor took the Bible, and made him read.

'There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job.'

'You see the Bible says so.'

'So it does,' drawled out the man; 'and I don't know any thing to the contrary.'

'Neither do I,' said Dr. Belknap, and thus ended the inquiry.

In a mixed company, hearing a person speak in a very free manner against the Christian religion, he asked,

'Have you found one that is better?' And

'When you do, let me know, and I will join you in adopting it.' [Life of Dr. Belknap.

A COURT PREACHER. During the reign of one of the Williams of Scotland some dissatisfaction arose with the king and court in relation to a young preacher. One day as he was going into the pulpit the king gave him a text from which to preach extempore. The passage given was the account of Phillip and the eunuch.—Being a young man, and a novice in his profession, he was at first a little disconcerted, especially as he was to speak before the king and court; but having thought a moment he began as follows:—"This subject presents us four wonders, all of which I shall briefly consider. The first wonder is, that a *courtier* should be found *reading*. The second that he should be found reading the *Bible*. The third, that a

bined to form a character with which Mr. Channing's was in full harmony."

CHANNING IN REFERENCE TO THE DEATH OF HIS SISTER.

'Yesterday brought us the sad tidings of Ann's death. She is gone—that beloved and excellent sister—removed after so long an absence. We were not permitted to minister to her last sufferings. The hands of strangers closed her eyes; a foreign land holds her remains. [She had died in London.]

'How tender she was!—how unwearied her kindness! As a child, how faithful—as a wife, how constant; in friendship, how unalterable!

'Can I ever forget the offices of a nurse, which she proffered with so much affection in my last sickness! Can I ever forget her, the last by my bedside at night, the first in the morning, giving me her strength, watching over me as a parent!

'She lived to be useful. At home she toiled without weariness, and sacrificed herself without a complaint.

'How silent, unostentatious, were her virtues! As a Christian, her principles were strong, her sense of duty deep, her heart humble, her profession sincere; she seemed to have acquired in early life the consideration of mature years.—Cheerful and animated, she was still governed by the most delicate sense of propriety. How beloved she was by all who knew her; she could not have had an enemy. Home was her sphere, her happiness. Bound to it by strong affection, she sighed for no pleasures beyond it.

'God multiplies bereavements. Our family is falling to pieces. Is there no bond of union! are we to be lost to each other! Let not dear Ann depart without bearing me with her into futurity. Let us think only of following our friends. Let them lead us to heaven. Let us think and talk more as immortals.

'My mother is more than even to be my care. I am now her oldest child: she leans on me.'

LETTER FROM COLERIDGE, CONCERNING CHANNING.

"Highgate, 13th June, 1823.

"My Friend,—It was more than a gratification, it was a great comfort to all of us, to see, walk and converse with two such dear and dearly respected friends of yours as Mr. and Mrs. Channing. Mr. Channing I could not be said not to have known in part before. It is enough to add, that the reality differed from my previous conception of it only by being more amiable, more discriminating, and more free from prejudices, than my experience had permitted me to anticipate. His affection for the good, and his earnestness for the true as the true—with that harmonious subordination of the latter to the former, without encroachment on the absolute worth of either—present in him a character, which in my heart's heart I believe to be the very rarest on earth. If you will excuse a play on words in speaking of such a man, I will say that Mr. Channing is a philosopher in both the possible renderings of the word. He has the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love. I was unfortunately absent the first evening. Had they been prevented from repeating their visit, I should have been vexed indeed, and yet not as much vexed as I now know I should have had reason to be. *I feel convinced* [the italics are ours] *that the few differences in opinion between Mr. Channing and myself, not only are, but would by him be found to be apparent, not real—the same truth seen in different relations.* Perhaps I have been more absorbed in the depth of the mystery of the spiritual life, he more engrossed by the loveliness of its manifestations."

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 2, 1848.

A MERRY HEART.

Religion has been supposed to be inconsistent with the indulgence of merry feelings. He who becomes religious, it is thought by some, must forever turn his back upon pleasantry and laughter, and be always serious, sorrowful, sober. This notion has not been derived from the Bible. The Scriptures both of the Old and the New Testament speak approvingly of a merry heart. "A merry heart doeth good as a medicine." A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance." "He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast." The father of the prodigal son, whom our Savior so beautifully describes, made a merry occasion on his son's return, and he said to the elder brother, who had no heart to enter into it, but who chose rather to find fault—"It was meet that we should make merry and be glad."

The prevalence of the notion to which we have alluded, has been owing in part to the mistake of separating religion so much from active life. There are the elements of superstition and asceticism in the human heart. Religious devotees, retiring from the world, and devoting themselves to an exclusive life of religious exercises, have always existed in the Pagan as well as Christian Church. This enthusiasm has waxed and waned: has sometimes had few, and sometimes many subjects; has never been, is not now, wholly powerless; sometimes pervades one class of Christians more than others.

Sometimes one man of great influence in the Church, imparts his own tone of mind to others, and sends it down to distant generations among those who honor his doctrines, or call themselves by his name. We may name two great men who have exerted this influence, and who stand each the representative of an opposite set of feelings—Calvin and Luther—the former severe, solemn, stern; the latter joyous, mirthful, often unbending in social enjoyment. From Calvin there passed the serious, stern influence into the Puritans and their descendants; from Luther the spirit of gladness into the Church of the Lutherans, and the German Church generally, down to our own day. Calvinistic New England, and Lutheran (not Rationalistic, but Evangelical Lutheran) Germany, are two families that wear a very different face, and present religion, in the social aspect of it, in a very different way.

Native temperament (though we know that this is not independent of that formed in the parents, or in ancestors quite remote) one's own native temperament has not a little to do in the matter of habitual seriousness on the one hand, or joyousness on the other. He who has what is termed the bilious temperament, he who is by nature sedate, solemn, will be apt to show it in his religion; and he who is naturally sanguine and joyous, will be apt to be joyous also in his religion.

Sometimes, however, one who is naturally of a merry heart, becomes, on being religious, just the opposite. He passes from high social enjoyment to gloomy ascetism, to austere separateness from the world. When such a change as this takes place, it is not the natural influence of religion—at least not of the Christian religion. The superstitious element has begun to be developed in him. Or, what very often happens, he comes, on being religious, under the influence of persons of the severe, gloomy temperament we have spoken of. They present religion in its forbidding aspects, alike in their example and in their teaching. Now we become like the persons we associate with. If one of a cheerful, glad heart associates with another of the opposite temperament, especially if he looks up to him with respect and confidence as a model, he will become conformed to it, and grow gloomy too. He imbibes an erroneous idea of the proper manifestation of true religion, and hence his nature grows transformed from the joyous to the serious and sad.

THANKSGIVING.

This occasion, which has the venerable sanction of usage, and the seal of the domestic affections, has again come and passed. It might be out of place now to present any considerations, whether general or particular, whether national or local, public or private, to awaken thankfulness But we may be permitted to ask, Have our readers improved the occasion? It is the word of the Lord, expressed in the Holy Scriptures, "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me, and to him that ordereth his conversation aright, will I show the salvation of the Lord."

AN APPEAL TO YOUNG MEN.

The following was prepared to go at the close of the editorial last week, on the Ministry, but was necessarily deferred. We had been quoting from Rev. Dr. Gannett's Discourse.—

With no words more timely can we conclude our present article, than a closing paragraph of the sermon, which we earnestly hope may be pondered by those whom it concerns, and, in the power with which it may come home to their hearts, and in the earnest feelings of duty and faith and hope which it may excite, be recognized as a divine call.

I speak to some who may be hesitating in regard to their future employment in life; and I say to them,—If you would choose the most honorable service, if you would exercise the highest function within the reach of man, if you desire to place yourselves in the most enviable position on earth, if you would select your profession on the ground of intrinsic worth or relative influence, enter the ministry; because then you can *preach*, and there is no relation that you can hold to your fellow-men so important, no trust so responsible, no work so great, as the preacher's. Pass it not by as if it would not give scope to the largest talent, or opportunity of expression to the loftiest purpose. Young men! if your hearts have felt the love of Christ, become preachers of his Gospel for the sake of its blessed truth, of his great sacrifice, and of your own everlasting joy.

☞ We are happy to learn that the Society under the pastoral care of Rev. Chandler Robbins, which some time since left their former place of worship, have engaged the use of the Masonic Temple, and are now in a highly prosperous condition. Mr. Robbins is preaching to a full and attentive Congregation.

☞ We are requested to call attention to the notice in another column, of the Sunday evening services to be held in the Indiana Street (Rev. Mr. Fox's) Church.

For the Register.

EXPEDIENCY.

There is no subject, on which the sincerely conscientious are more anxious, and none on which the majority of well disposed people are more careless than that of expediency considered as a test of duty and a ground of obligation. Many go to each extreme. Some rest satisfied with the easy maxim, "Whatever is expedient is right," and make their consciences quiet with this opiate. Others carry their dread of expediency, or of [illegible] conscientiousness, talk and act as if what was expedient were therefore wrong, and (though unlike the opposite class, they no doubt preserve their own moral natures unimpaired,) they often fail of the good that they ought to do, and are factious and schismatic where they ought to bestow their sympathy and aid. Then also many, too judicious for the one extreme, too conscientious for the other, are held in painful suspense as to the way of duty, and are not so much attracted to the middle ground which they occupy, as driven to it by the opposite repelling forces of judgment and conscience. We propose to inquire, what expediency is, what it is worth, and how far it is to be followed as a rule or trusted as a standard of duty.

There is no more shallow and senseless maxim, than, "whatever is expedient is right." Expediency has of itself no reference to right. It literally denotes taking the foot out of a net, thence escape from difficulties, and thence the easiest and most direct way to the attainment of an end. It implies nothing as to the moral character of the end, or of the steps by which it is to be promoted. It is therefore a relative, not an absolute term, and relates to facts or appearances, not to principles. It is a term never used to recommend what is manifestly right (for that would be the same as to "gild refined gold" or to "paint the lily;") but it is principally employed to cover up the immoral or doubtful complexion of the most obvious means towards a desirable end.

The habit of making expediency a test of right is entirely opposed to the New Testament morality. This is absolute and positive. It applies not only to ends, but to means,—not to results alone, but to each individual action. It leaves no single step of life unguided. It offers no opening for the violation or neglect of any moral law, though it were to save the universe. Its only recognition of the prevalent doctrine of expediency, is when it asserts of those who say, "Let us do evil that good may come," that their "damnation is just."

It is a fatal objection to expediency considered as a rule of action, that it implies a false theory of moral accountability. It makes one accountable for results, rather than for individual actions. It encourages one to overlook the means in his regard for the end. Now the contrary is the only tenable theory. For results and ends we are but indirectly and partially accountable,—for our individual resolves and deeds, directly and fully. Results are too far off for me to trace them with assurance. They are in God's hands; and under him there are many agencies besides my own concerned in bringing them about. But the volition, the word, the deed, which goes from my own heart, is all my own, no one can share with me or ward off from me entire responsibility for it. I am indeed bound to seek no bad ends, and to set before myself good and worthy ends. But I am often qualified to judge of the end only by the means. The end lies somewhere in cloud-land. I do not distinctly perceive it. Others assure me that it is good, and ask me to do evil to bring it about. But what a fool am I, if I do the evil of which I well know the character, for the sake of the good which I do not even know to be a positive good! In general, if we will only ponder our successive steps, we may feel assured that they will lead to some worthy end, and we may trust the issue of the way to God.

Again, it is the tendency of making expediency the standard of duty to weaken and ultimately to dethrone conscience. The cognizance of conscience extends only faintly and imperfectly to the distant and complicated ends which are commonly sought by doubtful means. It is rather by an exercise of the fallible judgment than of the infallible sense of right, that one selects such ends. And one has a right to select even remote and dimly discerned ends, if he does so candidly and deliberately, and with the determination to violate no duty in pursuing them. But of each separate act conscience does take clear cognizance. And if, for some desired end, principle be violated and duty set aside, every such act wounds and grieves the conscience, which resists for a while, and then retires baffled and silenced in the unholy strife. Thus the first yielding to expediency against strong conscientious scruples is fraught with imminent danger to the individual soul. The moral life in the soul that thus yields soon dies out, and the moral character fast passes from good to bad, and from bad to worse.

Let it be considered still further, that the ends for the sake of which we are solicited to waive our moral scruples, are, at best, doubtful ends; while the precept of duty, which we are tempted to violate or set aside, is generally one as to the interpretation of which, there can be no doubt; spiritual ends are the only ones of which we can be absolutely sure. As to outward plans, arrangements and measures, there is always room for doubt. The only absolute good is mental and moral culture, power and excellence; and for the direct promotion of the ends embraced under this head, no man was ever solicited to deceive, steal or fight, to be insincere or dishonest, to let his tongue belie his heart, or his hand his tongue. The utter absurdity of employing such means for such ends is too manifest for a child to overlook it. But, as to the outward results, towards which expediency shows a shorter path than conscience can fully sanction, their excellence is only a matter of opinion, not of knowledge; and there are commonly counter opinions worthy of full as much respect as our own. Thus, in advancing these ends by means of doubtful morality, we are, in fact, yielding up a certain for an uncertain good, —doing evil without being sure that good will come of it. Nay, we would add, with a tolerable certainty, that good will not come of it; for the moral character of these outward results, depends in a great degree, on the means employed to bring them about. They are productive of good or evil, according as they are produced through good or evil agencies. Here, for instance, is a political party or a religious sect, which, in fact, embodies in its creed a great deal of truth; and its leaders sincerely regard its success and triumph as likely to eventuate in great and lasting good. Its success and triumph cannot be brought about by means which those leaders approve. They must appeal to vicious motives. They must cater for depraved moral tastes. They must disavow this right principle in one quarter, and give sanction to that false principle in another. In a far different sense from the apostles, they must become "all things to all men." They persuade themselves, however, that the end justifies the means. Thus, by a complication of measures bad and good, by the very process on which they would look in others with stern disapproval, they creep into success, and grovel into triumph. But no sooner have they attained the eminence they [illegible] miss the single principle that once animated their ranks, and find themselves incapable of the good that they had meant to do. The evil agencies that they sought to help them in the conflict, come in for the lion's share of the trophies and rewards. The moral complexion of the means they used, transfers itself to the end they sought. They invited Satan to cast out Satan, and he, Proteus-like, only puts off his former shape to put on one which they have helped glorify; and strengthens his reign by the very means by which they thought to cozen him into impairing or destroying it.

But is there never room for the question of expediency? We answer that there is frequent and abundant room for it. When the end is, or seems, good, and there are two or more series of means, all of which are morally unexceptionable, then comes in fittingly the question, Which is the shortest and easiest way to the end we seek? Thus, do we ask, what we all ought to ask, How may I do the most good? We see many forms of benevolent effort all equally good in themselves; but we cannot engage in all, nor yet in many of them, without dividing our power and weakening our influence. The question then is, For what mode of usefulness do our talents and culture fit us the best? In what form of benevolent effort will our position give us the largest vantage ground? In what portion of the field are the laborers the fewest, the harvest the greatest, and our services, therefore, the most needed? And these are questions of expediency, that is, of the nearest and surest path to the end set before us. But if, in any of these modes of effort, there must be a compromise of principle, an assent to unchristian measures, the sanction of an unchristian spirit, the violation of the rights of others, wrong-doing in however small a measure, in the pursuit of a good, no matter how great, then, as Christians, we must drop the consideration of expediency, and hold fast our allegiance to truth and right.

But the most difficult cases are those, in which, as citizens or members of a community, we must exercise our joint agency, with many who do not take, and cannot be brought to take, the high moral ground on which we would gladly stand. How far must we succumb to them? How far must we take our immovable position, and wait for them to come up to us? In the first place, in these forms of joint agency, we cannot expect to carry out in full our own notions of positive right and good. The best men, the best measures, it may not be within the power of those who favor them to elect or to carry out; and we are undoubtedly authorized, nay, bound to help to the utmost in effecting the lesser good, which may be attained, rather than to withhold our influence and effort because all that we might desire cannot be accomplished. It is worthy of those, who long for something better still, to attempt to realize and embody whatever represents the average good feeling and right sentiment of the community; for it is only step by step that the community or the race is to be carried forward; and the least step onward, should be hastened by every honest means and endeavor which the individual can employ.

But the case is far different, when we are invited to help in taking a retrograde step. When a choice between two positive evils is placed before us, we cannot conceive how Christian principle can authorize our agency in bringing about either, though it be the less of the two. Neutrality, or the assumption of some ground on which which we cannot hope for immediate success, seems in such a case the part of religious wisdom. The tacit testimony thus borne may not take effect at once; but it will work its way into the general heart, will make itself respected and felt, and may prepare the way for the ultimate triumph of right principle.

In some of these cases of joint agency, there are many collateral issues, all of which we cannot hope to have settled to our own satisfaction. And we are by no means bound to make them all essential. The question is, Is the main issue involved, one on which we can conscientiously join issue? Is the main principle recognized one that we can conscientiously recognize? Do we, by the mode in which are asked to lend our agency, sanction no form of wrong or sin against which we are bound to bear testimony? Is the point, on which the choice of the man or the advocacy of the measure hinges, one on which we are morally safe in taking our stand; or is it one, which involves our assent to falsehood, evil and wrong, violates our own consistency, and is treacherous to our sincere and established principles? If the latter be the case, nothing can be clearer, than the duty of withholding our agency, or leaving the responsibility for what ever evil ensues with those, who would only give us a choice of evils, and would not afford us the opportunity of advancing the end which we deem the most desirable by means which we can conscientiously employ.

These principles, it must be admitted, are in accordance alike with the deductions of sound ethical philosophy, and with the voice and spirit of the New Testament. The questions, which may occur under them, are often difficult and complicated. But the admission of expediency as the test of right and the standard of duty is the most dangerous precedent that can be established. Our times demand nothing so much as a firm and manly, yet meek and gentle protest against it, on the part of those, who put principle before policy, and deem it a duty to obey God rather than man. In the doctrine of expediency, sect imbues sect, and party, party,—year hands it down to year, and generation to generation. It is time to return to the great principles of Christian morality. It is time, that those who revered them, took in their behalf a stand, from which they will not suffer themselves to be moved. If they will do so, their very fixedness will give them power. Those to whom they refuse to go, will come over to them. Those, who can no longer tamper with them, will respect and honor their integrity. Thus will they in due time realize the fulfilment of God's word to his ancient servant: "Let them return unto thee, but return not thou unto them; and I will make thee unto this people a fenced brazen wall, and they shall fight against thee, but they shall not prevail against thee."

A. P. P.

For the Register.

OBJECT OF THE MINISTRY.

In reviewing their professional course probably all clergymen see much cause for self-dissatisfaction. They seem to have effected little.—Their most strenuous endeavors have failed of some of the objects aimed at. But, blame themselves as they may for this, they probably see too [illegible] by current erroneous conceptions of the objects and duties of the ministry. Its design is so often mistaken that it is no wonder the utility of such an instrument has sometimes been called into question. For the most useful instrument in the world may become unprofitable or even pernicious in our hands from ignorance of its object and the manner of applying it. What would be the effect if a saw was mistaken for a knife and used as such, or a hoe for an axe, or a pitchfork for a spade? There would be little progress in work. Worse still would be the effect if a case of surgical instruments were taken for a box of children's toys, or a medicine chest for a case of cordials.

Yet something like this is the misapprehension about the ministry in many minds, and woeful are the disappointments and lamentably demoralizing the consequent disgust it occasions. People act and talk as if entertainment was the object of preaching. They may not say in so many words that this is their idea; but does not almost their whole conversation about church going run upon the notion that they go to enjoy some pleasure, and some pleasure independent of any with which the conscience has to do?—Of course they must be disappointed most of the time, and go home with loathing and angry associations weaving in their minds about religion. Like a man putting water to his mouth expecting to find it wine; the water must taste much more insipid than it would did not the fancied wine inflame the imagination. See a drunkard turning up a bottle of pure Cochituate over his mouth, sure it is nothing less enchanting than 'New England Particular.' Was that fine lake ever so dishonored before as it will be by the emphatic terms in which he will give vent to his cruel disappointment! Will he not hate water, and all water, even in the abstract, the more bitterly for ever after? Without that disappointment he would have said that water had its uses, poor and effeminate a beverage as it might make.—It might be useful for washing the cup in which worthier fluids were drank. But now he cannot see why water was created at all, and becomes literally hydrophobic. So the church-goer who is a pleasure hunter there, may be seized with a religio-phobia in a similar way.

The legitimate object of the ministry is to benefit rather than to please. It has eternity always before it, and salvation for its work. It cannot stop to trifle with amusement—tickling ears and titillating fancy, and pandering to prejudice, entertaining connoisseurs and amateurs with a pleasant voice and playing well on an instrument. A Church is not a concert room, unless it be a concert of prayer. It is for an oratory, not an oratorio. A minister therefore is not to sacrifice at the altar of popularity, but at another. That has priests enough. They who are not pleased with his conscientious endeavor to discharge his duty, are not to be pleased at all. If his congregation are not willing to give their approbation to his faithfulness, their admiration of his accomplishments should be considered of little worth.

He is not to be a flatterer directly or indirectly. The only language to be spoken to the soul at any time is that of plain truth. No courtier-like adulation must be whispered to it, for it is too apt to pervert even the counsels of sincerity to its bane. He who is "given for the perfecting of the Saints" must not make them perfect in the follies and foibles of self-conceit and presumptuous security. He who is "given for the work of the ministry" must not minister to self-delusion. He who is "given for the edifying of the body of Christ" must not build it up in error. To do good should be his first aim: to satisfy the desires of his Society is a secondary consideration. To gratify prejudices and countenance misapprehensions of duty is diametrically opposite to the very design of his office. The good pastor will not say peace when there is no peace. He will not let his flock feed on the poisonous Mountain Laurel, though beautiful to the eye and seemingly good for food. He will not say, all is well because danger may not be immediately pressing. He looks abroad and sees it coming; and, like Elijah looking over the sea from Carmel, he gives notice as soon as the cloud arises from the water "no larger than a man's hand," and does not wait until it gathers blackness in its folds and covers the whole heavens and bursts in fury upon the land. Woe unto the watchman who sounds not the alarm before the attack is made for fear of disturbing the slumbers of the garrison. Falsely compassionate is that friend who seeing the bolt of heaven just falling on the pillow of a sleeping brother will not arouse him from his dangerous repose.

On the same principle that the minister is to benefit rather than to please, he is not to be an orator in the pulpit as his first object, any more than he is to be a courtier out of it. Eloquence he may exercise according to his ability; but rhetoric and oratory do not make eloquence—perhaps often destroy it. For eloquence is nothing but earnest simplicity and native feeling, while the artifices of oratory require too much attention not to chill the flow of the feelings.—It may interest the taste, but comes not near the heart. Now the preacher has something greater to do than amusing the imagination and sensibilities. He has a theme of deep and solemn interest to enforce. He has to convince the understanding,—which the loftiest flights of rhetoric will not do. He has to persuade the will—which the most tasteful figures of speech will not do. He has to soften the affections—which the most studied elocution will not do. They will do something, it is true. They may accomplish one object. They may give pleasure and attract admiration. But are the hearers made better? Let him be satisfied then to improve without delighting—to confer benefit without receiving praise. And let his hearers be content with the pleasures which belong to enlightened consciences, pure affections, and heavenly hopes. If they would be pleased, let them be pleased with their own profit, and congratulate themselves on the advantage they may derive from the plainest and soberest discourse, if it consist only in the exercise of patience in listening and forbearance in passing judgment. Let them remember that sacred eloquence requires devotional susceptibility in the hearer as much as it does fervid intellect in the speaker, and that the former will go far in enabling them to dispense with the latter. Conscience must be awake on both sides, and the honest wish to be made better Christians be the predominant desire, and then eloquence will be found in useful truth and solemn feeling and earnest persuasion, however homely the diction and unimaginative the embellishments.

But though the minister of religion is not to aim to please his society as his primary object, yet it is worthy of being considered whose fault it is if he does not please them while he faithfully seeks their benefit. It is not his concern to gratify fancy, but still if he excite no interest in those who are connected with him by such a tie as the pastoral relation, there is a woe resting between them. There is a defect somewhere. And while he does his part, the lightest charge that may lie against the dissatisfied subjects of his ministration is that of being unreasonable in their demands. For theirs is a connexion which may so easily awaken a deep sympathy and mutual feeling of tender indulgence for the infirmities and disabilities of poor human nature. They are forced by their frequent intercourse to see and pity in each other so much weakness, trial and sorrow. While to the world, their hearts may have seemed cased in steel or ice, how often, how freely to each other they must have flowed out unchecked, unabashed, unreproached in bitter condolence or glad congratulation. Solemn transactions pass betwen them to interest them in each other. An intercourse of lofty import is carried on. Death and the judgment and immortality are their periodical discourse—the blessings of eternal goodness and the sad wages of sin—the Father of all sitting at the head of his universe, and the Beloved of the Father, with his message of love and offers of mercy—such are the affecting themes of their meditations in common. Do we not regard with complacency, the friendly peace-maker who has reconciled us to some long alienated acquaintance? There must be something wrong in us then if their honest endeavors cannot please us who pray us in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God—they whose voices as with a censer bear up the incense of our devotions in God's sanctuary to the throne of grace—they who pour over the infant heads of our children the waters of baptism, and bring them unto the Saviour to receive the blessings which have done most of all to make our own lives happy—they whose business it is to serve at the mystic feast which is spread to invigorate all kind affections with the remembrance of the Saviour's love stronger than death—they who strive to win us to gentle consideration and devout submission when the hand of God is heavy upon us, and those whom we love as our own souls are gone or going to the tomb—they who may cheer our own parting spirits, when all else fails, with words of unearthly peace and heavenest assurance of forgiving mercy.

They have a task of trying delicacy and solemn responsibility. And while their eye is fixed upon that judgment-seat where they know that they are soon to render in their account of their stewardship, ought they not to be excused if they fail of conciliating good will when it is to be bought with injury to the souls of their charge? May they not be listened to with interest for their work's sake, though that work has no more exciting aim than to save our souls?

If we would attend church with less of the feeling of going to a theatre, we should return from it with less of the feeling of coming out of a jail.

H. G. E.

For the Register.

MRS. H. C. MACK.

Died in Salem, 21st Nov., Mrs. Harriet C., wife of Elisha Mack, Esq., and youngest, and last surviving child of the late Rev. John Clarke, D. D., of the First Church in this city, aged 56.

We would reverently and gratefully lay a chaplet of memory of love on the grave of this departed friend. Not that by this act we wish, or can hope to confer honor upon a life which has already received the signet of mortality, but that we may manifest our sense of respect for those virtues which, having received the impress of immortality, never die.

The grave which we would thus consecrate will be, to many, the memorial of a life exhibiting the worth and beauty of disinterestedness, when religiously and unostentatiously exercised. Our friend, with a mind highly cultivated, and with a heart that tenderly sympathized with the true and the beautiful, the sacred and eternal, sought by her own cheerfulness to inspire cheerfulness in others. Her seasons of self-communion, when she listened to those lessons which a higher than earthly wisdom and prudence can teach, fitted her all the better to enter with grace and sweetness into the domestic and social relations of life.

Her kindly regards were not confined to those of her own condition in society. The sorrowing, the aged, and the poor possessed a share of her benevolent sympathies and charities, and in several instances, the sensibilities of such, on hearing of her death, were touchingly exhibited; a manifestation alike of their gratitude and of their respect for her character. She sought to show her sense of her obligations to Christ, and of the worth of Christianity, not simply or alone by holy thoughts and heavenly aspirations, but by good deeds,—by doing as she had Christ for an example. Religion with her was not merely a sentiment. It consisted mainly in an active, but unobtrusive interest in behalf of human improvement and happiness. Progress in the divine life was to be the result of personal experience in the cause of humanity.

Notwithstanding the weakness occasioned by disease that was gradually but insidiously destroying her own constitution, she patiently, assiduously, and with filial affection watched over the declining days and wasting strength of a loved and venerated mother, whose life was protracted to a great age, and upon whose grave the earth even yet lies lightly.*

The affection which such a life produced in the hearts of others, and especially those who daily witnessed its manifestations, and rejoiced in its influences, was strong and ardent. And many are they who with stricken, but resigned spirits, reverently wait at the throne of grace and listen there to the teachings of this dispensation of Providence. It is in this temper of mind that we can best honor the memory of our departed friend. It is a virtuous and self-sacrificing life that sanctifies death,—whether our own or that of others,—and makes death but the beginning of true and enduring life. Under such circumstances alone, has resignation, as it had with our friend, in the last moments of existence, its sustaining and placid power; and when life's hour is departing, the scene which the unfolding of futurity will present, will be "beautiful," as it was to her.

Gentle, loved, kind-hearted, sweet spirit! accept this tribute of respect to thy memory! Let thy mantle of disinterested goodness rest upon us and be our adorning until we meet thee in the land where life and love are immortal!

H.

* Madam Esther Clarke, daughter of Timothy Orne, was born in Salem, 13th April, 1758. She died in the place of her nativity, 25th Sept. 1848, having survived her husband, who died at the age of 43, April 2d, 1798, more than fifty years.

[The following blank verse is imperfect, but the sentiment is excellent.]

For the Register.

LINES

On the death of C. H. A., who died in Boston, Nov. 13th, aged fifteen months.

"He is not dead but sleepeth."

Hush! Breathe ye lightly as ye gaze upon
That brow. Death touched those lips, and the smile
That ever played in beauty there, grew fixed.
With his wings he lightly fanned the infant boy,
And a slumber sweet as the sleep that at
The eventide steals over the drooping flowers
Fell on his eyelids; and a cherub band
Bore his pure spirit to the better land.
Taken from Earth ere Time his purity
Could mar, why should we mourn him? Paler than
Sculptured marble is that brow; and those bright
Eyes that as but yesterday smiled as in
Very joyousness, are closed; and the lips
That never parted but to smile upon
The loved ones gathered round are sealed forever.
Yet not forever. Far, far away beyond
This world of sadness and of sorrow,
A new voice hath into melody burst forth.
Mourn not, young mother! 'Tis but the casket,
In the earth that ye have lain. The gem that
Was enshrined therein thy Father for a time
Hath taken. In yon bright Heaven He
Keeps thy Treasure, and yet again shall He
Restore it, more beautifully fair than
Thou shalt dream. Father, weep not for him.
What though the shadows of the grave are stealing
There? He liveth yet, and at his feet, who
Said, "forbid him not, unto my arms to
Come, for of such my Father's kingdom is,"
He sitteth. Thou hast a tie binding thee
Nearer Heaven. Oh! live thou so that when thou'lt
Called away, thy angel boy may take thy hand,
And lead thee to the throne Eternal.

Roxbury, Nov. 16th. A. E. W.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Montgomery Co. }
Indiana, March 6, 1848. }

Through your kindness I am still favored with the weekly visits of the Christian Register, for which you will accept my thanks. While in your city I received eight sets of Channing's works, which on my return home, I presented to that number of gentlemen, who doubtless will make a good use of them.

In the wide and extensive field opened in the West, though much good has been effected, still there is much to be done.

The most effectual means to accomplish this work, are, first the distribution of good books, so that the community shall be furnished with good reading matter; second, the establishment of Sunday Schools, furnished with good teachers, and libraries,—and last though not least, let these two means be followed with good soul-stirring preaching. Let a minister go into the field which can take hold of the current of men's thoughts, and turn them toward God; and the work of moral and spiritual reform will go forward.

My present address, is, Crawfordsville, Montgomery Co. Indiana. My former was Lebanon, Boone Co. Indiana.

ARTHUR LAYTON MCKINNEY.

For the Register.

FIRST PARISH IN SOMERVILLE.

MR. EDITOR:—It seems due to this Society, to make known the liberal and generous course of action adopted by them towards their late minister, on the occasion of his separation from them some months ago, at least, so far as we may, by the publication of the following resolve, which was passed by them at that time, in connection with a very flattering and affectionate correspondence, expressive of their regrets at the dissolution of the connection.*

Yours truly, &c.

N. R. T.

"*Resolved*—That we cordially express our sincere and hearty approval of the Christian and liberal course which the Rev. Mr. Sargent has adopted in his public ministrations, both as regards his own services and his ministerial exchanges."

* Mr. Sargent's separation from his parish, it may be remembered, took place solely on account of the ill health of himself and family.

For the Register.

INSTALLATION.

On Sunday morning last, Nov. 26, the Rev. Amos Smith, recently Colleague Pastor of the New North Church in Boston, was installed as Pastor of the First Congregational Church in Leominster.

The exercises of the occasion were introduced with prayer and selections from Scripture by the Pastor elect. The sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Gannett, of this city, from John 6th, 68th. "Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." The prayer of consecration was offered by Rev. Calvin Lincoln, of Fitchburg; the charge, with the address to the people, was given by Rev. Dr. Parkman, of Boston; the right-hand of fellowship by Rev. Edmund B. Wilson, of Grafton; the concluding prayer by Rev. Dr. Parkman, and the benediction by the Pastor.

A numerous audience evinced, by their deep attention, their interest in the occasion and the services; in the course of which repeated references were made to their late Pastor, the Rev. H. Withington, whose brief but earnest and devoted ministry, closed within the term of three years by early death, has still left indelible impression on the hearts of his flock. Some just notices were also taken, in the address to the people, of their first Pastor,* the Rev. John Rogers, "a man of learning and great intrepidity of character," whose integrity and devotion to what he believed to be the truth, enabled him nobly to sustain the heavy trials he was called to encounter in the defence of it; and who amidst obloquy and persecution, even from "false brethren,"* approved himself the worthy descendant of the martyr, whose name he bore, and whose spirit he inherited.

We hope that in the hallowed memories of the past, and in their bright prospects for the future, the Church of Leominster, with their new Pastor, will continue to flourish, and be built up in all holiness and love.

*See Dr. Bancroft's discourse on the completion of fifty years of his Ministry in Worcester, 1836;—also, Rev. Mr. Stebbin's Centennial Discourse at Leominster, 1843.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

POEMS.—By Oliver Wendell Holmes. New and enlarged Edition. Boston: William D. Ticknor & Company: 1849—pp 272.

Dr. Holmes is a poet in whom are united wit and wisdom, thought and sentiment, good sense and fancy, humor and pathos, exquisite sense of the beautiful, and keenest perception of the ludicrous. These seem all to have the freest play. He goes into different forms in which they are expressed, with the nimbleness of Ariel in Shakspeare's Tempest. Often has his voice "set the table in a roar;" but this has only been the breaking up of incrustations over the heart's fountain, from which, the next moment, he has called out in unobstructed course, the tenderest sensibilities; and the fountain has become purer by being thus exercised. If, as it is truly asserted by the best authority, "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine," Dr. Holmes is entitled to the warmest thanks for furnishing such excellent medicine for the mind and heart. True, he practices surgery also; he wields occasionally scalpel and knife; and that, too, without etherization.

The volume before us consists of the poems first published about twelve years since, (occupying in this edition, 160 pages,) some more added in an edition printed two or three years ago, in London, (occupying the next 32 pages,) and eighty pages still more, which are now for the first time collected. These last include "Urania," in which all the excellencies and peculiarities of Dr. Holmes' poetry are illustrated; and Fancy passes into Imagination.

The publishers have done much for poetry in our country, by the works they have issued, and the beautiful style in which they are printed. We are very glad to learn that this new edition of the poems of Dr. Holmes, is already almost taken up.

Tales from Shakspere; for the use of Young Persons. By Charles and Mary Lamb. With Forty Engravings. New York, C. S. Francis & Co., 252 Broadway. Boston; J. H. Francis, 128 Washington St,—1849. pp. 347.

Charles and Mary Lamb! What a charm in these two names! We suppose this very pleasant and useful volume is the work chiefly of Mary—the brother contributing such aid, perhaps, as might be compared to holding the skeins of silk or worsted for the sister to wind, and preparing the frame &c., for working a fire-screen. The Tales are here presented in a style that will be more attractive to young readers than any in which they have yet appeared. They will introduce the young mind into a new world of fancy, teach it profitable lessons, and help it to understand and enjoy the great dramatist better in maturer years.

Poems by William Wordsworth; With an Introductory Essay on his Life and Writings. [By the same Publishers] pp. 356.

This volume is a companion to the Poems of Coleridge, which we noticed a short time ago. The Essay is from Mr. H. T. Tuckerman, who wrote the Introductory Essay also to Coleridge's Poems, and by whom the present seelection is made. It is as good a selection perhaps as any volume of the size of the present could contain; and we are glad that Wordsworth will thus be still more widly known. Our readers will see, in an extract on our first page, how *Channing* admired him. Mr. Tuckerman, in his Essay which though good does not quite satisfy us, makes more abatement from the merit of Wordsworth's performances, (not from his genius,) than he need make. Sift his poems by any process one chooses, and there will be found less chaff than in almost any other writer who has written whether less or more. We could wish on many accounts that the whole of the *Excursion* could have been given. In this the genius of Wordsworth indulges its full scope. It is one of the noblest anthems of Nature and the soul of man.

George Austin; or Patience and Perseverance rewarded, pp. 178.
Bessy Gray; or the Dull Child, pp. 110.
The Widow's Son, pp. 81.
The Dog, as an Example of Fidelity, pp. 84.
Norah: The Little Mountaineer; or I wish I could read, pp. 33.
Bear and Forbear; or the History of Sarah Allen, pp. 32.

These are illustrated publications of the "General Protestant Episcopal S. S. Union, from the London edition," which we have received from their "Depository, 20 John street, New York," through Messrs. Crosby & Nichols. They are admirable in style and sentiment. They must exert a refining influence on the taste and the affections, and form the minds of youth into moulds of loveliness, knowledge, piety and goodness.

Resignation of President Everett.—We are sorry to learn that this event,—which has been feared indeed, and without just ground quite often publicly heralded in some of the papers,—has now actually come to pass—to take place, however, not until the 1st of January next. Mr. Everett, in his administration of the government of Harvard College, has added another term of beneficial and honorable service in the promotion of the interests of his fellow men; and though compelled by ill health to retire as it may seem so prematurely, he has wrought an abiding work, has filled out a term which, if his friends and the friends of the College regret that it was so brief, they will rejoice that it was so long as it has been permitted to be. Not a check nor a diversion in the glory of his personal career, certainly not a loss to the College, the three years of his Presidency will be viewed hereafter, as all who know its character view it now, with sincere admiration and gratitude. And those will pay this tribute the most warmly, who have had the privilege to be under his administration.

Installation at Hollis Street. From what we supposed was reliable information, communicated in writing, we gave notice last week that Mr. King was to be installed Nov. 29th. We have since learned that Wednesday, Dec. 6, is to be the time, and that Rev. Dr. Dewey is to preach the sermon.

☞ Mr. Joshua Young, graduate of the last class from the Cambridge Divinity School, has been unanimously invited to the pastoral care of the New North Church in this city.

☞ Rev. Mr. Fisher has resigned the charge of the Irish Protestant Society in Boston.

Correction. Outside, in the paragraph on Wordsworth, besides some other slight errors, for "more of Great Britain" read, more *than* of Great Britain.

☞ The connexion of Dr. Dewey with the Church of the Messiah, has been dissolved, owing to his continued inability to perform the Pastoral duties. On parting with him, some members of his congregation presented him with $1000 as a token of their affection and remembrance. And it was also voted, that a portrait of their esteemed Pastor should be procured for the Church Library.

The same Society has also lately subscribed some $400 towards the sum annually contributed by the Unitarian Societies of New York and Brooklyn, for the Meadville Theological Seminary. [Inq.

Peace in Believing. At a meeting in Bognor Eng., in the diocese of Chichester, in aid of the Society for propagating the Gospel, Rev. James C. Richmond, of Rhode Island, rose to speak to the second resolution.

He told them that he had himself been born without the pale: but that he had never known rest or happiness in believing till the study of the Bible and the voice of all antiquity, had called him within the fold, and made him a faithful and obedient son of the Mother of all Saints. He contrasted the peace and unity that reigned within the bosom of that Church, with the warring spectacle presented by the eighty-three discordant sects which had sprung, in a few years, from the religious society established by the stern, conscientious, but erring counsels of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Can it be that there are not some Episcopalians who feel like hanging their heads in mortification when they reflect that such a paragraph as the above must reach the ear of the public!

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Massachusetts Legislature.

In Convention. The two branches, at 12 o'clock met in Convention, and a Committee of eight was appointed to count the votes for Electors of President and Vice President.

The whole number of votes was	299
Necessary to a choice	150
The Whig ticket had	196
The Cass ticket had	65
The Free Soil ticket had	37

And there was one scattering vote.

And the following named gentleman on the Whig ticket were declared duly elected:

At Large—Hon. Levi Lincoln, of Worcester; Hon. Edmund Dwight, of Boston.

District No. 1, Albert Fearing of Boston; No. 2, David Pingree of Salem; No. 3, Daniel Adams of Newbury; No. 4, Isaac Livermore of Cambridge; No. 5, Benj. F. Thomas of Worcester; No. 6, Myron Lawrence of Belchertown; No. 7, Asa Howland of Conway; No. 8, H. A. S. Dearborn of Roxbury; No. 9, Wm. Baylies of West Bridgewater; No. 10, Wm. R. Easton of Nantucket.

A petition signed by Henry Bates and 34 others, was presented, praying for a vote of thanks to General Zachary Taylor, for services rendered while in Mexico. Moved to lay the petition on the table. On this motion the yeas and nays were ordered. Yeas 133, nays 120.

Classification of Members of Congress. The Tribune gives the following:—

	Taylor.	Cass.	Van Buren.
Maine,	2	5	0
Vermont,	3	1	0
N. Y.	32	1	1
N. J.	4	1	0
Tenn.	14	8	2
S. C.	1	6	0
Ga.	4	4	0
Florida,	1	0	0
Ohio,	6	11	4
Mich.	0	2	1
Ill.	1	6	0
Iowa,	0	2	0
Wis.	0	5	0
Ark.	0	1	0
	68	53	8

Representatives Elected. Monday was the last chance to elect Representatives to the Legislature in those towns which had heretofore failed to choose. In Danvers two Van Buren men were chosen by the following vote:—whole number of votes 1214; necessary to a choice 608; W. Walcott 635, Wm. Dodge, Jr. 610; Weymouth, Raynham, Kingston, and Randolph voted not to send. Bridgewater elected Thomas Cushman (whig) by one majority. In Reading no choice. In Greenfield and Westfield one Democrat each. In Ludlow one Whig.

In New Bedford there was no choice. Whole number of votes 1924; necessary to a choice 963; the highest on the Whig ticket had 831; Democratic 291; Free Soil 446, and Independent 354, scattered 94.

In Charlestown there was no choice. [Trav.

Massachusetts Representatives to Congress. 1. *Robert C. Winthrop; 2. No choice; 3. James H. Duncan; 4. No choice; 5. No choice; 6. *George Ashman; 7. *Julius Rockwell; 8. *Horace Mann; 9. No choice; 10. *Joseph Grinnell.

*Re elected members.

Voters in the Cities. The number of votes cast at the late Presidential Election, was in New York 53,158; Philadelphia 53,167; Baltimore 21,541; Boston 13,347.

Gen. Taylor's Age. General Taylor's birthday occurred on the 24th of November, and he was 64 years old on Friday last. The average age of our Presidents, at the time of their election, including General Taylor, has been between 57 and 58 years. Five of them were in their 58th year when elected.

Hingham. In the list of 917 voters in the town of Hingham, Mass., there are only 239 different names. There are 56 Herseys, 42 Cushings, 38 Sprogues, 36 Lincolns, 36 Gardners, 35 Stodders, 21 Whitons, and so on.

Statistics on Idiocy. In an Appendix to Dr. Howe's, Report, are statistical Tables &c., which are of the deepest interest to all who would study the causes of human wretchedness.

Of the 574 persons reported idiots, Dr. Howe thus states the condition and capacities.

"Confining our attention to the cases of real idiots, above mentioned,—viz. 420 out of 574,—it is to be found that 188 are under 25 years of age. Of these, 172 seem capable of improvment; they present proper cases for attempts at instruction, and the formation of regular, industrious habits. Only 16 seem incapable of improvment. Of those over 25 years of age, there are 73 who seem capable of little or no improvment in mental condition. Of the 420 idiots proper, 19 can now earn their board and clothing, under proper mangement of discreet persons; 141 do earn their board, when properly managed; 110 can do trifling work, if carefully watched and directed; 73 are as helpless as children of seven years old; 43 are as helpless as children of 2 years old, and 34 are as utterly helpless as infants.

With regard to pecuniary circumstances, 20 have property of their own, held by guardians; 26 belong to wealthy families; 196 belong to indigent families; but are not public paupers; 148 are town or state paupers; the rest are sometimes aided by the public, sometimes not. Of the whole number, viz. 574, there are 220 at town or state charge.

Of the 420 idiots proper, 218 are insatiable gluttons; and 102 are known to be given to self-abuse in a frightful degree."

Dr. Howe thus forcibly remarks on the causes of idiocy:

"No scientific exposition of these laws will be attempted here, but many facts and observations will be recorded which may awaken some abler minds to the importance of codifying them and setting them forth for the benefit of mankind.—Suffice it to say now, that, out of 420 cases of congenital idiocy examined, some information was obtained respecting the condition of the progenitors of 359. Now, in all these 359 cases, *save only four*, it is found that one or the other, or both, of the immediate progenitors of the unfortunate sufferers had, in some way, widely departed from the normal condition of health, and violated the natural laws. That is to say, one or the other or both of them, were very unhealthy or scrofulous; or they were hereditarily predisposed to affections of the brain, causing occasional insanity; or they had intermarried with blood relatives: or they had been intemperate,—or had been guilty of sensual excesses which impaired their constitutions.

Gov. Slade on Popular Education. This gentleman recently delivered an address at the Bowdoin Square, Church, of which an account is given in the Boston Recorder, and from which we extract:

The origin and objects of the "Board of National Popular Education," of which Gov. Slade is the Corresponding Secretary and General Agent, were presented, and its operation explained. The Board consists of twenty- five members, Ex-Governor Morrow of Ohio. President; and Judge McLean, and Judge Lane, Vice Presidents. Through appropriate agencies it explores the West, for the raising up of schools and making arrangements for the reception and competent support of female teachers; while it receives applications for supplies, invites such teachers from the East, collects companies of them, semi-annally, at Hartford, Conn. where it carries them through a six weeks special training—a sort of *Teachers Institute*—and thence under proper escort, sends them to the places provided.

The Board, he said, had sent out 110 teachers in two years, mostly from New England; 34 to Illinois; 31 to Indiana; 12 to Wisconsin; 11 to Michigan; 7 to Iowa; 5 to Tennessee; 3 to Missouri; 2 to Kentucky; 2 to Ohio; 2 to Western Pennsylvania, and one to North Carolina.

The union, unsectarian feature of the movement was adverted to, as very important in its harmonizing influence at the East, as well as for allaying denominational jealousies at the West The teachers sent had been from five denominations.

The importance of a missionary spirit in the teachers, was dwelt upon, and letters from some of them were read, exhibiting this spirit, and showing that the efforts of the Board are accomplishing an important work—developing female power on an appropriate field.

The Board, he remarked, need increased funds to sustain the necessary agencies, and to defray the expense of the prepartory training at Hartford, and journeying to the West, of such as are unable to bear this expense themselves.

[Query.—How can a movement be called "unsectarian" which refuses to send out unitarian females as teachers, however ample and clear evidence they give of qualification and of practical piety?

Odd Fellows in Philadelphia. The Odd Fellows of Philadelphia have 102 lodges, containing between 10,000 and 15,000 members. The number of subordinate lodges in the State of Pennsylvania at the last annual report was 20,093 and the revenue for the last year, $173,311,58. There was paid, during that period, for the relief of members and their families, burying the dead and educating the orphans, $67,642,06.

Catholic Free Schools in Cincinnati.—The Catholics have free schools of their own in the city of Cincinnati, which are attended by 3000 children. The schools are not entirely free, as each pupil pays 25 cents per month. This it is thought by those who have observed its operation, has a good effect on the school.

A New College. A College for the education of Christian youth, is about to be established in Calcutta, under the auspices of the Congregational churches of England. The missionaries of the London Missionary Society, have nearly eight hundred pupils. One principal object is, the education of a native ministry.

Teachers' Institute. The Teachers Institute, which commenced its sesion in the Court House in this town on Tuesday, the 7th, closes this evening, having continued for the prescribed term of "ten working days." About one hundred teachers of both sexes, chiefly from the towns of Hamden County, have been in attendance, and the exercises have been highly interesting and instructive, not only to the members of the Institute, but to many of our citizens who have visited it. Hon. Horace Mann, the retiring Secretary of the Board of Education, and Rev. Dr. Sears, the new Secretary, have been present most of the time. Lectures have been given by these gentlemen, by Rev. Dr. Davis of Westfield, Lowell Mason of Boston and other friends of Education. [Springfield Gaz.

The Chicago Horticultural Society,—Have offered a premium of $20 in a gold plate to the person "who shall plant and bring forward in the public streets, the best twenty shade trees." This is an example which might be followed by the Horticultural Societies of other cities, with the most beneficial results.

Morals of New-Orleans. The Louisville Statesman says that the Sabbath in New-Orleans is becoming emphatically a day of devotion and rest, and that no one who has resided long in that community can fail to perceive the great change which in this regard a few years have wrought. Shops are generally closed, and the business of the week laid aside; the houses of worship are filled with attentive listeners, and an air of quiet and sobriety generally characterize the greater portion of the city. This improvement is attributable mostly to the great number of New-Englanders in the city. They are in fact the mercantile strength of the New-Orleans community.

Germans in New Orleans. The number of Germans in the cities of New Orleans and Lafayette, is estimated by the N. O. Presbyterian, at 30,000—divided into Roman Catholics, Lutherans, Reformed, Methodists, Moravians, and Jews. Of the last three sects the numbers are few. The papists outnumber all other sects, composing about two thirds of the whole.

Of the Protestants not more than 300 are connected with the evangelical churches of the city. The mass hardly maintain any form of religion. They came here to enjoy liberty, to get rich, to realize the dreams they had indulged in their own country. They have various excuses for neglecting to attend church when they might, and for declining to build them when they ought.

OFFICIAL.

Treasury Department, October 31, 1848.

The Receipts into the Treasury during the quarter ending the 30th September last, as nearly as can now be ascertained, were—

From customs	$9,010,000 00
From lands	470,000 00
From loan of 1847, exclusive of treasury notes funded	1,136,000 00
From loans of 1848	6,538,650 00
From miscellaneous	101,000 90
	$17,255,650 00

The Expenditures during the same period were

Civil list, miscellaneous, and foreign intercourse, (including the amount paid from the Treasury under the 12th article of the treaty with Mexico)	$3,371,918 27
On account of the army	6,862,690 24
On " Indian Deparment	633,496 51
On " fortifications	192,669 65
On " pensions	376,594 98
On " navy	2,979,022 17
On " interest on public debt and treasury notes	161,750 88
Reimbursement of treasury notes, exclusive of those funded	806,300 00
	$15,383,842 26

R. J. WALKER, Secretary of the Treasury.

TREASURY NOTES OUTSTANDING NOV. 1, 1848.

Treasury Department, Register's Office, November 1, 1848.

Amount outstanding of the several issues prior to the act of 22d July, 1846, as per records of this office	$161,089 31	
Amount outstanding of the issue of 22d July, 1846, as per records of this office	265,150 00	
Amount outstanding of the issue of the 28th January, 1847, as per records of this office	11,234,450 00	
	11,660,689 31	
Deduct cancelled notes in the hands of the accounting officers, of which $10,150 is under the act of 22d July, 1846, and $25o under other acts	10,400 00	
	$11,650,289 31	

DANIEL GRAHAM, Register of the Treasury.

Cost of Mail Transportation. The following exhibits the annual cost of mail transportation, and the annual receipts of postages, for the year preceding July 1, 1847, as we learn from an official source, viz:

States.	Cost.	Revenue.
Maine	$41,964	$59,440
New Hampshire	25,560	50,680
Vermont	26,563	34,338
Massachusetts	107,392	218,201
Rhode Island	9,187	26,833
Connecticut	45,897	64,157
New York	229,307	494,759
New Jersey	58,930	39,285
Pennsylvania	115,412	252,175
Delaware	7,862	8,789
Maryland	33,751	81,656
Virginia	192,615	92,292
North Carolina	172,620	31,379
South Carolina	118,157	50,395
Georgia	153,001	55,859
Florida	45,193	10,883
Ohio	170,395	158,869
Michigan	38,211	88,491
Indiana	52,430	43,384
Illinois	102,485	52,359
Wisconsin	15,045	26,703
Iowa	9,722	9,495
Missouri	40,720	41,506
Kentucky	89,281	53,632
Tennesee	55,298	87,607
Alabama	136,499	49,602
Mississippi	58,451	33,773
Arkansas	39,906	9,569
Louisiana	41,705	68,523
Texas	24,102	8,246
District of Columbia		179,391

From the above it will be seen that all the New England States largely overpay. New York yields more than double the expenses of mail transportation. But just look at the slave States! Only one of them, Louisiana, overpays, (nearly $27,000); Virginia comes short $100,000; North Carolina, $141,000; South Carolina, $69,000; Georgia, $97,000; Alabama, $87,000. New Jersey, Ohio, Wisconsin, and Iowa are the only free States in this list that do not pay. [N. Y. Herald.

The Atlantic Postal Arrangement.—The New York Sun gives the following as the basis of the agreement come to by Lord Clanricarde and Mr. Bancroft:

1. Eentire reciprocity between the two governments in the transmission of letters by their respective steamers.

2. The rates of postage to be uniform for American and English steamers.

3. The British Colonial mail to be conveyed through the United States, and by American as well as the English steamers.

4. American mails for Europe, Asia and Africa to be conveyed by the British as well as the American steamers.

The rates of postage will probably not exceed twenty-five cents on each letter from the United States; or one shilling sterling on letters forwarded from the United Kingdom. By this arrangement, a letter mailed in any part of Great Britain or Ireland, and a shilling paid upon it there, will be delivered in the United States without charge to the person to whom it is directed. So with a letter sent from the United States; by the payment of twenty-five cents here, it will be delivered free of charge in any part of England, Ireland or Scotland.

Leverett-St. Jail in Boston. The Boston Journal, of the 13th inst. states that the number of prisoners in Leverett street jail on Sunday morning, was one hundred and fifty-four, more than two-thirds of whom are foreigners. This is the largest number of prisoners ever confined at one time in any jail in this State, and is more than double the number ever confined at any period prior to ten years ago.

Dancing Profits. Madame Josephine Weiss, the directress of the Viennoise children, has taken $47,000 in Government stock.

Ohio Black Laws. A petition to the Legislature of Ohio has been put in circulation in that State, by the annual meeting of the Society of Friends—those steadfast friends of the colored man—praying for the repeal of all the laws which make civil distinctions between the white and colored citizens of the State.

The Feelings of a Slave.—An interesting case we find thus briefly reported in the Richmond (Va.) Whig:—"An inquest was held before Coroner Wicker yesterday evening, on the body of Simon, a slave belonging to a gentleman in Surry county, *who was brought to the city for sale*, and was in care of a gentleman of this city, who on yesterday, about sunrise, voluntarily threw himself down a well in the yard and was drowned. Verdict, voluntary suicide." The words we have italicised throw light on the cause of this tragedy. Has the negro no heart? Is he not susceptible of home affections? How can we help abhorring a system which thus tramples upon them in cold blood, and treats men like brutes! That was a most merciful attempt hat was made in the last Legislature of Alabama to prevent the dismemberment of slave families by sale; we hope it will be renewed again and again, until it succeeds. [National Era.

Settlements for Colored Men.—Some very praiseworthy attempts have been made in some parts of N.Y. to establish settlements for colored men, and we believe with some success. We learn now, that a new effort is to be made in the town of Florence, in Oneida county, colored men having had several meetings on the subject, in which they have been making efforts to induce the colored citizens of Albany, New-York, Boston and Philadelphia, to follow farming for mechanical pursuits in the new settlement rather than be barbers, servants &c., as they are in the cities. In Florence, it is stated that there are water privileges for saw mills and grist mills, and indeed everything necessary to make a flourishing settlement.

Colored Men in New Orleans. Several free persons of color in the city of New-Orleans have associated themselves into a corporation, under an existing law of the State, with a view to establish an African Methodist Episcopal church. The proceeding is sanctioned by the official opinions of the Governor and other officers.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Later From England. The steamer Cambria, Captain Harrison, arrived at New York on Saturday, after a pleasant passage of fourteen days, with fifty-four passengers. Among her passengers was Baron A. de Rothschild.

The recognition by Great Britain of the republic of Liberia has just been announced, and a treaty of commerce is understood to have been arranged. This state was founded by the American Colonization Society in 1820, and continued as a colony undqr the care of that body until last year, when it was formed into an independent government. A similar recognition has also been obtained from France.

Postal Arrangements. The much vexed postal differences which existed between the United States and our government, are finally arranged to the satisfaction of both governments. The arrangement has yet to go before the American Congress for formal sanction. [Liverpool Times.]

Mr. Bancroft. The Lord Mayor, in proposing the healths of the foreign Ministers, at the banquet at the Mansion House, said—"I regret that the sudden indisposition has prevented his excellency the American Minister from being present; but we know that that talented and enlightened gentleman has at all times been most anxious in his endeavors to promote a cordial and good understanding between this country and that which he represents."

The Poor Law—Distress of the Gentry. On all sides, especially in the west of Ireland and in some parts of the south, there are bitter remonstrances against the overwhelming burden of the poor rate, and several of the landed proprietors, previously embarrassed by pecuniary responsibilities, are sinking under the pressure.

France. The French republic remains quiet.

Austria. Vienna has been captured by the Imperial troops, after a desperate resistance.

☞ NOTICE. The Middlesex North Association, will hold their next meeting at Rev. Mr. Thurston's, in Billerica, on Wednesday, Dec. 6th, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Subject of discussion; Inspiration, psychologically considered.

dec2 JOS. C. SMITH, Scribe.

☞ NOTICE. Auxiliaries to the A. U. A., receiving more than their number of Tracts are expected to distribute the surplus where they will do good. And an additional number of any particular Tract will be forwarded where there is a probability of its rendering special service to the cause.

☞ INDIANA STREET CHURCH. There will be services in this Church every Sunday evening, commencing with next Sunday, Dec. 3d, at 7 o'clock. The Rev. Dr. Geo. Putnam of Roxbury will preach.

☞ A contribution will be taken in aid of the Church. eptl dec2

☞ SUNDAY SCHOOL FAIR! The Ladies of the Lee Street Church Charitable Sewing Circle, propose to hold a sale of useful and fancy articles, at the City Hall, Cambridgeport, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 20th and 21st of December; the proceeds to be devoted to the purchase of a library for the Sunday School; and to other objects connected with the interests of the Society.

Contributions of articles suitable for a *Christmas Tree*, or for general sale, are respectfully solicited from Sister Societies and Sunday Schools.

Donations may be forwarded to the care of Messrs. Bruce and Gregory, Main St. Cambridgeport; to the University Bookstore, Old Cambridge, care of John Bartlett, Esq.; and to the Bookstore of Benj. Greene, Esq., Washington St., Boston. tf dec2

☞ NOTICE. The Quarterly Charity Lecture, will be preached at the Old South Church, to-morrow, Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock. dec2

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Sunday evening, Nov. 26th, at Grace Church, by Rev Mr Mason, William A. McFarland of Boston to Miss Anna S. Spinney of Eliot, Me.

On Tuesday evening, by Rev J. T. Sargent, Mr Benjamin Anderson to Miss Dianthe Brown.

In North Chelsea, Nov. 15th, by Rev Norwood Damon, Mr James W. Perkins of Windsor, N. H., to Miss Mary Jane Somes of N. C.

In Bridgewater, 7th ult, by Rev Mr Bradford, Mr Molbry A. Ripley to Miss Louis C. Haskell, both of West Bridgewater.

In Marlborough, by Rev Mr Alger, Alexander Donaghy to Mary Jane Mellen; Sullivan B. Baker to Rebecca S. Blake.

In Salem, 23d ult, by Rev Mr Frothingham, Capt Samuel Endicott Peabody to Miss Maryanne C., daughter of John C. Lee, Esq.

In Nantucket, 26th ult, by Rev Mr Knapp, Mr Alexander S. Chase to Miss Elizabeth C., daughter of Capt Frederick Hussey.

In Manchester, N. H., 23d ult, by Rev A. B. Fuller, Mr John F. Roberts to Miss Hannah Atkins, both of Gardiner, Me.

In Dublin, N. H., 9th ult, by Rev Mr Leonard, Mr Levi Stevens to Miss Caroline Warren.

In Chicopee, 17th ult, by Rev C. Nightingale, Horatio N. Pratt to Sophronia Denison.

In the public highway at Green Hollow, in Voluntown, Conn., on Sunday, the 5th ult, about 1 o'clock, P. M., the rain pouring in torrents from the clouds, with high winds from the south-east, by Elder Charles S. Weaver, while on his way to attend the funeral of Mrs Amy E. Gallup, wife of Benjamin Gallup, 2d, Esq., of Voluntown, who died Nov. 3, aged 26 years, John Tanner of the former place to Miss Mary Carter of Hopkinton, County of Washington, and State of Rhode Island.

DEATHS.

In Dorchester, 23d ult, Mrs Maria A., wife of Daniel Pierce, Jr., 33.

In Randolph, 22d ult, Caroline Alden, daughter of Silas Alden, 25.

In Worcester, 11th ult, Mrs Emma A., wife of I. L. Bangs, 24.

In Kingston, 6th inst, Mr Nathaniel Holmes, 75.

In South Weymouth, 16th ult, Mrs Harriet, wife of Maj. Gen. Appleton Howe, 57.

In Salem, 25th ult, Mr Addison Richardson, 85.

In Springfield, 13th ult, after a few days sickness, Rev Albert A. Folsom, Pastor of the Universalist Church in that place. Mr F. was a native of Portsmouth, N. H., and son of the late Thomas Folsom Esq., formerly of Exeter.

In Providence, R. I., 19th ult, Frank Raymond, son of Nathaniel and Susan T. Gladding, 8 mos 11 days.

20th ult, Charles N. Gladding, only son of Nicholas B. Gladding, 20.

New Fashionable Upholstery AND FURNITURE STORE.

EDWARD HIXON,

170 Washington Street, Boston,

WOULD inform his friends and the public that in addition to his Store No. 71 Cornhill, he has taken the spacious building 170 Washington Street, opposite Bromfield Street, where will be found at all times the

CHOICEST COLLECTION OF UPHOLSTERY GOODS AND CABINET FURNITURE,

Manufactured from the best of stock. Particular attention paid to the seasoning of wood and putting together all kinds of PARLOR, LIBRARY AND CHAMBER FURNITURE, in fashionable style, and in such faithful manner as to stand furnace heat.

E. H. would also inform his friends that he has made an arrangement with Mr. ABRAHAM KIMBALL of Salem, of the late firm of Kimball & Sargent, to superintend the Store 170 Washington Street.

☞ In accordance with the above arrangement, the subscriber has removed to Boston, 170 Washington Street, where he will be pleased to wait upon his friends and old patrons, and execute any orders that they may entrust to his care.

dec2 1yis ABRAHAM KIMBALL.

THE BOSTON ALMANAC FOR 1849,

BY S. N. DICKINSON,

WILL be published in a few days. It will be printed upon new type, and contain more pages than any previous number. Beautifully bound in cloth, and gilt.

IT WILL CONTAIN

A new and accurate Map of the vicinity of Boston, embracing a distance of 15 or 20 miles round the city.—Long Pond, and the whole line of the Aqueduct are delineated upon it. The outside towns on the Map, are Hull, Cohasset, Hingham, Weymouth, Braintree, Canton, Dedham, Medford, Sherburne, Framingham, Sudbury, Concord, Acton, Carlisle, Billerica, Wilmington, Danvers, Beverly and Marblehead. All the islands in the harbor are set down. The Watering Places—Phillips Beach, Nahant Bay and Beach, Nahant, Chelsea Beach, etc.

An improved set of CALENDAR PAGES, calculated by Prof. Pierce, of Cambridge. The calendar pages are accompanied by a short description of the Appearance of the Heavens on the 15th of each month.—Opposite to each calendar page there is a blank page for memorandums, containing a blank line and date for every day in the month. These MEMORANDA PAGES are of great convenience to an individual, or for the use of a family, in making memorandums from day to day.

The BUSINESS DIRECTORY of the city of Boston, corrected and enlarged. This Directory exhibits all trades, business and professions under their appropriate heads: that is, under the head *Apothecaries*, will be found the names of all persons engaged in that business; under the head *Bakers*, the names and places of all engaged in that business, and so on to the end of the alphabet. This document is one of great usefulness to the citizen, and of still greater importance to persons in the country, as here they have laid before them the key to the whole business population of the metropolis. It occupies about 80 closely printed pages of the Almanac.

An interesting historical account of the PUBLIC SCHOOLS of Boston. This article has been prepared with great care and much research, by Isaac F. Shepard, Esq., Principal of the Otis School. It embraces the subject from that period of time when Public Schools were first thought of by our forefathers, and traces it up, in its growth, from that time to the present. It is deeply interesting, and occupies 36 pages of the Almanac. An ENGRAVED VIEW of each of the Public Schools is given, and two views of Model Primary Schools, which have been erected within the last year or two.

Some account of A WINTER PASSED IN FLORIDA, by an invalid, in hopes of being restored to health. His experience given, which may be of great convenience to those intending to visit that region for a similar purpose. Accompanying this article, the writer has prepared a set of WEATHER TABLES, showing the temperature in Jacksonville, Fla. and Boston, for one year. To the curious in such matters, it is thought these tables will be very interesting.

A Table of the 772 Streets, Places and Alleys in the city of Boston, giving the beginning and terminus of each street, and the location of the places and alleys.—With this table the stranger can find any street in the city.

A list of 227 EXPRESSES that leave Boston daily, semi-weekly and weekly.

A list of the RAILROADS diverging from Boston, and a list of the Branch Roads running from the Boston Roads.

These are the principal features of the Boston Almanac for 1849. But it embraces a great variety of other matters, useful and entertaining to the reader.

This Almanac contains TWO HUNDRED and TWENTY closely printed pages. The quantity of matter is greater than that found in an ordinary 8vo of 500 pages. The octavo volumes would sell for two or three dollars. For the Almanac, the price is only TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, per single copy. By wholesale, a very liberal discount is made.

Orders sent to Messrs B. B. MUSSEY & CO., 29 Cornhill, and to Mr. THOMAS GROOM, 82 State street, Publishers, will meet with immediate attention.

dec2 1tis

NO. 4. DAGUERREOTYPE FOR DEC. 9th, 1848. This day published.

Contents.

1. The Convent Witch.
2. The Polish Question.
3. Lord Brougham on the French Revolution.
4. Universal Peace.
5. Raylan Castle; Its Fortunes and its Fall.
6. Gutzkow's Wallenweber.
7. Col. Doniphan's Campaign in New Mexico.
8. Europe again in Danger.
9. Progress of a Bill; Chaps. VI.—VII.—VIII.
10. Mother and Son.
11. The Reign of Elizabeth in Ireland.
12. Collectanea.
13. Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

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POETRY.

For the Register.

TO A FRIEND,

On being presented by her, with a cluster of white garden Roses, late in October.

How many flowers thy hand has strown
Where only thorns were left alone;
And drooping hearts thy words revive,
As plants beneath the sunbeam thrive.
And now, when gloom is round me cast,
And joy seems buried in the past,—
When to each tone that Nature breathes—
To every rustle of her leaves
My heart responds, and trembles still
With the wild thoughts that o'er it thrill—
Thou comest, with sweet flowers to me—
Roses, that bid despondence flee.
Their perfumed breath brings thoughts of bliss,—
Of life beyond the close of this,—
Of union, when the sods are laid
O'er us whose graves may soon be made,—
Of meeting those in worlds above,
Who vanished as we learned to love,—
Our hope, that in the better land,
We not as strangers clasp their hand,
But side by side, on errands high,
We tread the pavements of the sky;
And though on earth divided still,
In heaven unite, to do God's will—
Faithful till death, we then shall trace
Their features in some angel's face.
Dear friend! thy flowers brought joy to me,
And oft thy voice bids sorrow flee;
Thou hast bid Hope to live again,
When her sweet face I sought in vain—
To sorrow's captive brought release,
And won the troubled soul to peace.
When thou the Master's will hast done—
And step by step the gate is won,
Whose radiant portals opening wide
Admit thee with the sanctified—
Shall not the flowers thou lovest well
Be found by thee, where angels dwell?
For may we not some record bear
To heaven, of all earth's love and care?
Perchance the good deeds scattered here,
Are flower seeds from yon glorious sphere,
Whose perfume wafts to upper air
Sweet memories to bless us there.
If so, will not death's sable wing
Immortal fragrance round thee fling?

M. H. S.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[We resume this delightful series from the National Era, in course, at the point where we left it in the Christian Register of November 4th.]

STRAY LEAVES FROM MARGARET SMITH'S DIARY, IN THE COLONY OF MASSACHUSETTS.

[Continued.]

A Winter Evening's Walk in Boston.—Cousin Rebecca.—An Indian Girl of Rev. Mr. Eliot's Flock.—The Praying Indians, the Indian Dance for the Dead, and the Powaws.—Lines written by Roger Williams.—A talk about Antinomianism.—Story told by Sir Thomas of a disobedient daughter.—Major Willard's account of a journey into New Hampshire.

Boston, Feby. ye 22, 1679.—The weather suddenlie changing from a warm rain and mist to sharp, clear cold, the trees a little way from the house did last evening so shine with a wonderful brightness in the light of the Moon, now high unto its full, that I was fain to go out upon the hill-top to admire them. And truly it was no mean sight to behold every small twig becrusted with Ice, and glittering famouslie like silver work in chrystal, as the rayes of the Moon did strike upon them. Moreover, the earth was covered with frozen snow, smooth and hard like to marble, through which the long rushes, the hazles, and mulliens, and the drie blades of the grasses, did stand up bravely bedight with frost. And looking upward, there were the dark tops of the evergreen trees, such as hemlocks, pines, and spruces, starred and bespangled, as if welted with a great rain of molten chrystal. After admiring and marvelling at this rare entertainment and show of Nature, I said it did mind me of what the Spaniards and Portugals relate of the great Incas of Guina, who had a Garden of Pleasure in the Isle of Puna, whither they were wont to betake themselves when they would enjoy the air of the Sea, in which they had all manner of herbs and flowers and trees curiously fashioned of gold and silver, and so burnished that their exceeding brightness did dazzle the eyes of the beholders.

"Nay;" said the goodlie Mr. Mather, who did accompanie us, "it should rather, methinks, call to mind what the Revelator hath said of the Holy City. I never look upon such a wonderful display of the natural world without remembering the description of the glory of that city which descended out of Heaven from God, having the glory of God and her light like unto a stone most precious, even like unto a jasper stone, clear as chystal. And the building of the wall of it was of jasper, and the city was pure gold like unto clear glass. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls, every several gate was of one pearl, and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.

"There never was a King's palace lighted up and adorned like this," continued Mr. Mather, as we went homewards. "It seemeth to be God's design to show how that He can glorify himself in the work of His hands, even at this season of darkness and death, when all things are sealed up, and there be no flowers, nor leaves, nor running brooks, to speak of His goodness and sing forth His praises. Truly hath it been said, Great things doeth He, which we cannot comprehend. For he saith to the Snow, Be thou on the earth; likewise to the small rain and the great rain of his strength. He sealeth up the hand of every man, that all men may know His work. Then the beasts goe into their dens, and they remain in their places. Out of the South cometh the whirlwind, and cold out of the North. By the breath of God is the frost given, and the breadth of the wateis straitened."

March ye 10*th.*—I have been now for manie days affected with a great cold and pleurisie, although, by God's blessing on the means used, I am well nigh free from pain, and much relieved, also, from a tedious cough. In this sickness I have not missed the company and kind ministering of my dear Cousin Rebecca, which was indeed a great comfort. She tells me to-day that the time hath been fixed upon for her marriage with Sir Thomas, which did not a little rejoice me, as I am to goe back to mine own countrie in their companie. I long exceedingly to see once again the dear friends from whom I have been separated by manie months of time and a great ocean.

Cousin Torrey, of Weymouth, coming in yesterday, brought with her a very bright and pretty Indian girl, one of Mr. Eliot's flock, of the Natick people. She was apparelled after the English manner, save that she wore leggings, called moccasins, in the stead of shoes, wrought over daintilie with the quills of a strange animal called a porcupine, and hung about with small black and white shells. Her haire, which was exceedingly long and black, hung straight down her back, and was parted from her forehead, and held by means of a strip of birch bark, wrought with quills and feathers, which did encircle her head. She speaks the English well, and can write somewhat as well as read. Rebecca, for my amusement, did query much with her regarding the Praying Indians; and on her desiring to know whether they did in no wise return to their old practices and worships, Wauwoonemeen (for soe she was called by her people) told us that they did still hold their Keutikaw, or Dance for the Dead; and that the ministers, although they did discourage it, had not forbidden it altogether, inasmuch as it was onlie a Civil Custom of the people, and not a religious rite. This Dance did usually take place at the end of twelve moons after the death of one of their number, and finished the mourning. The guests invited bring presents to the bereaved family, of wampum, Beaver skins, corn, and ground-nuts, and venison. These presents are delivered to a speaker, appointed for the purpose, who takes them, one by one, and hands them over to the mourners, with a speech entreating them to be consoled by these tokens of the love of their neighbors, and to forget their sorrows. After which, they sit down to eat, and are merry together.

Now it had so chanced that at a Keutikaw held the present winter, two men had been taken ill, and had died the next day; and although Mr. Eliot, when he was told of it, laid the blame thereof upon their hard dancing until they were in a great heat, and then running out into the snow and sharp air to cool themselves, it was thought by manie that they were foullie dealt with and poysoned. Soe two noted old Powaws from Waubktukook, on the great river Connecticut, were sent to discover the murderers. Then these poor heathen got together in a great Wigwam, where the old wizards undertook by their Spells and Incantations, to consult the Invisible Powers in the matter. I asked Wauwoonemeen if she knew how they did practice on the occasion; whereupon she said that none but men were allowed to be in the Wigwam, but that she could hear the beating of sticks on the ground, and the groans and howlings and dismal mutterings of the Powaws, and that she, with another young woman, venturing to peep through a hole in the back of the Wigwam, saw a great manie people sitting on the ground, and the two Powaws before the Fire, jumping and smiting their breasts, and rolling their eyes verie frightfullie.

"But what came of it?" asked Rebecca.—"Did the Evil Spirit whom they thus called upon testify against himself, by telling who were his instruments in mischief?"

The girl said she had never heard of anie discoverie of the poisoners, if indeed there were such. She told us, moreover, that manie of the best people in the tribe would have no part in the business, counting it sinful; and that the chief actors were much censured by the ministers, and soe ashamed of it that they drove the Powaws out of the village, the women and boys chasing them and beating them with sticks and frozen snow, soe that they had to take to the woods in a sorry plight.

We gave the girl some small trinkets and a fair piece of cloth for an Apron, whereat she was greatlie pleased. We were all charmed with her good parts, sweetness of countenance and discourse, and readie wit, being satisfied thereby that Nature knoweth no difference between Europe and America in blood, birth, and bodies, as we read in Acts 17 that God hath made of one blood all mankind. I was specially minded of a saying of that ingenious but schismatic man, Mr. Roger Williams, in the little book which he published in England on the Indian tongue:

"Boast not, proud English, of thy birth and blood,
Thy Brother Indian is by birth as g od;
Of one Blood God made Him and Thee and All,
As wise, as fair, as strong, as personall.
By Nature wrath's his portion, thine, no more,
Till Grace his Soule and thine in Christ restore.
Make sure thy second birth, else thou shalt see
Heaven ope to Indians wild, but shut to thee!"

Mar. ye 22*nd*, 1769.—Spent the afternoon and evening yesterday at Mr. Mather's, with Uncle and Aunt, Rebecca and Sir Thomas, and Mr. Torrey, of Weymouth, and his wife, Mr. Thacher, the minister of the South meeting, and Major Simon Willard, of Concord, being present also. There was much discourse of certain Antinomians, whose loose and scandalous teachings in respect to works were stronglie condemned, although Mr. Thacher thought there might be danger, on the other hand, of falling into the error of the Socinians, who lay such stress upon works, that they doe not scruple to undervalue and make light of Faith. Mr. Torrey told of some of the Antinomians who, being guilty of scandalous sins, did nevertheless justify themselves, and plead that they were noe longer under the Law. Sir Thomas drew Rebecca and I into a corner of the room, saying he was a-weary of soe much disputation, and began relating somewhat which befel him in a late visit to the New Haven colonie. Among other things, he told us that while he was there, a maid of nineteen years was put upon trial for her life, by complaint of her parents of disobedience to their commands, and reviling them; that at first the mother of the girl did seem to testifie stronglie against her; but when she had spoken a few words, the accused crying out with a bitter lamentation, that she should be destroyed in her youth by the words of her own mother, the woman did so soften her testimonie that the Court, being in doubt upon the matter, had a consultation with the ministers present, as to whether the accused girl had made herself justly liable to the punishment prescribed for stubborn and rebellious children in Deut. xxi. 20, 21. It was thought that this law did applie onlie unto a rebellious *son*, according to the words of the text, and that a *daughter* could not be put to death under it; to which the Court did assent, and the girl, after being admonished, was set free.—Thereupon, Sir Thomas told us, she ran sobbing into the arms of her mother, who did rejoice over her as one raised from the dead, and did moreover mightilie blame herself for putting her in soe great peril, by complaining of her disobedience to the magistrates.

Maj. Willard, a pleasant, talkative man, being asked by Mr. Thacher some questions pertaining to his journey into the New Hampshire, in the year '52, with the learned and pious Mr. Edward Johnson, in obedience to an order of the General Court, for the finding the Northernmost part of the River Merrimack, gave a little history of the same, some parts of which I deemed noteworthy. The company, consisting of the two Commissioners, and two surveyors, and several Indians as guides and hunters, started from Concord about the middle of July, and followed the river on which Concord lies, until they came to the great Falls of the Merrimack, at Patuckett, where they were kindly entertained at the wigwam of a chief Indian who dwelt there.—They then went on to the Falls of the Amoskeag, a famous place of resort for the Indians, and encamped at the foot of a mountain, under the shade of some great trees, where they spent the next day, it being the Sabbath. Mr. Johnson read a portion of the Word, and a psalm was sung, the Indians sitting on the ground a little way off, in a very reverential manner. They then went to Annahookline, where were some Indian cornfields, and thence, over a wild hilly countrie, to the head of the Merrimack, at a place called by the Indians Aquedahcan, where they took an observation of the latitude, and set their names upon a huge rock, with that of the Worshipful Governor, John Endicott. Here was the great lake Winnepisiogee, as large over as an English county, with manie islands upon it, verie green with trees and vines, and abounding with squirrels and birds. They spent two days at the lake's outlet, one of them the Sabbath, a wonderfully still, quie: day of the midsummer. "It is strange," said the Major, "but soe it is, that, although a quarter of a century hath gone over me since that day, it is still verie fresh and sweet in my memorie. Many times, in my musings, I seem to be once more sitting under the beechen trees of Aquedahcan, with my three English friends, and I doe verily seem to see the Indians squatted on the lake shore, round a fire, cooking their dishes, and the smoak thereof curling about among the trees over their heads; and beyond them is the great lake and the islands thereof, some big and others exceeding small, and the mountains that doe rise on the other side, and whose woody tops showe in the still water as in a glass. And, withal, I do seem to have a sense of the smell of flowers, which did abound there, and of the strawberries with which the old Indian cornfield near unto us was red, they being then ripe and luscious to the taste. It seems, also, as if I could hear the bark of my dogg, and the chatter of squirrels, and the songs of the birds, in the thick woods behind us; and, moreover, the voice of my friend Johnson, as he did call to mind these words of the CIV Psalm:—Bless the Lord, oh my soul! Who coverest thyself with light, as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a Curtain; who layeth the beams of His Chambers in the Waters; who maketh the Clouds His chariot; and walketh upon the Wings of the Wind!" Ah me! I shall never truly heare that voice more, unless, through God's mercie, I be permitted to join the Saints of light in Praise and Thanksgiving beside stiller waters and among greener pastures than are those of Aquedahcan."

"He was a shining light indeed," said Mr. Mather, "and, in view of his loss and that of other worthies in Church and State, we may well say, as of old, Help, Lord, for the goodlie man faileth!"

Major Willard said that the works of Mr. Johnson did praise him, especially that monument of his piety and learning, "The History of New England, or Wonder-Working Providence of Sion's Saviour," wherein he did showe himself in verse and in prose a workman not to be ashamed. There was a piece which Mr. Johnson writ upon birchen bark at the head of the Merrimac, during the journey of which he had spoken, which had never been printed, but which did more deserve that honor than much of the rhymes with which the land now aboundeth. Mr. Mather said he had the piece of bark then in his possession, on which Mr. Johnson did write; and, on our desiring to see it, he brought it to us, and, as we could not well make out the writing thereon, he read it as followeth:

This lonesome Lake, like to a Sea, among ye mountains lies,
And like a Glass doth show their shapes, and eke the Clouds and skies.
God lays his Chamber's beams therein, that all his power may know,
And holdeth in his fist ye Winds, that else would mar the Show.

The Lord hath blest this Wilderness with Meadows, Streams and Springs,
And like a Garden planted it with green and growing things,
And filled ye woods with wholesome meats, and eke with Fowls ye air,
And sown ye land with Flowers and Herbs, and fruits of savor rare.

But here ye nations know him not, and come and go ye days,
Without a morning prayer to him, or evening song or praise;
The heathen fish upon ye Lake, or hunt ye woods for meet,
And like ye brutes doe give no thanks for wherewithal to eat.

They dance in shame and nakedness, with horrid yells to hear,
And like to dogs they make a noise, or screeching Owls anear.
Each tribe like Micah doth its priest or cunning Powah keep,
Yea, wizards, who, like them of old, doe mutter and doe peep.

A cursed and an evil race, whom Satan doth mislead,
And rob them of Christ's hope, whereby he makes them poor indeed;
They hold ye Waters, and ye Hills, and Clouds, and Stars, to be
Their gods; for, lacking Faith, they doe believe but what they see.

Yet God on them his Sun and Rain doth evermore bestow,
And ripens all their harvest fields and pleasant fruits also.
For them he makes ye Deer and Moose, for them ye fishes swim,
And all ye fowls in woods and air are godlike gifts from Him.

Yea, more; for them, as for ourselves, hath Christ a ransom paid,
And on himself, their sins and ours, a common burden laid.
By Nature, vessels of God's wrath, 'tis he alone can give
To English or to Indians wild the grace whereby we live.

Oh, let us pray that in these wilds ye Gospel may be preach't,
And these poor Gentles of ye woods may by its truth be reach't;
That ransomed ones ye tidings glad may sound with joy abroad,
And lonesome Aquedahcan hear ye praises of ye Lord!

THE DAUGHTER OF REV. EZRA STILES, D.D.

A friend presented me a letter from a distinguished man, written in the Revolution, which your young lady readers may enjoy. Rev. Ezra Stiles, D. D., for many years the distinguished President of Yale College, while minister in Newport, R. I., was interrupted in his labors by the British soldiers. His family was scattered for a season. He sent his older children among their friends. With a daughter, he sent a letter, of which the following is an extract, dated June 28th, 1775.

"I pray you, Sir, to have a tender vigilance over her, and to order her with all authority. I commit her to sister and yourself, and have charged her to be obedient unto, and treat you both, with the greatest submission and duty. I should like she should be kept to business—spinning, milking, dairy, &c.; *so as to lay a foundation of a notable woman.* Pray, counsel her on the great things of religion and virtue and sobriety, and call upon her daily to read her Bible." [Corres. of Chris. Obs.

Irish Wit and Gallantry. The ready wit of a true-born Irishman, however humble, is exceeded only by his gallantry. A few days since, says an exchange paper, we observed a case in point. A sudden gust of wind took a parasol from the hard of its owner, and before one had a chance to recollect whether it would be etiquette to catch the parasol of a lady to whom he had never been introduced, a lively Emeralder dropped his hod of bricks, caught the parachute in the midst of its Ellsler gyrations, and presented it to the loser, with a low bow, which reminded us of poor Power. "Faith madam," said he, as he did so, "if you were as strong as you are handsome, it would't have got away from you." "Which shall I thank you for first, the service or the compliment!" asked the lady, smilingly. "Troth, madam," said Pat, again touching the place where once stood the brim of what was a beaver, "that look of your beautiful eye thanked me for both." [Liverpool Mercury.

Formation of Hail. Professor Steverley, at a meeting of the British Association, read a paper, on meteorological phenomena, in which he attempted to account for the formation of hail, by supposing that it must be formed when after the fall of some rain a sudden and extensive vacuum being caused, the quantity of caloric abstracted was so large as to cause the rest of the drops to freeze into ice balls as they formed.—This principle, he said, had been strangely overlooked, although, since the days of Sir John Leslie, every person was familiar with experiments on a small scale illustrative of it. He also said that the interesting mine of Chemnitz, in Hungary, afforded an experimental exhibition of the formation of hail on a magnificent scale. In that mine the drainage of water is raised by an engine, in which common air is violently compressed in a large cast iron vessel. While the air is in a state of high compression, a workman desires a visitor to hold his hat before a cock which he turns; the compressed air, as it rushes out over the surface of the water within, brings out some with it, which is frozen into ice balls by the cold generated by the air as it expands; and these shoot through the hat to the no small annoyance of one party, but to the infinite amusement of the other.

Walking. Of all kinds of exercise, walking is that which is the most universally attainable, and at the same time the best. Calling so many muscles into action, and especially those of the lower extremities, of which the circulation is apt to be more languidly, imperfectly performed from the degree of resistance presented by the force of gravity to the return of the blood to the heart—called, moreover so much of the moving apparatus of the body into reciprocal and balanced action, flexor and extensor muscles being correspondingly exercised—walking is undoubtedly the best of all exercise for the purposes of health, independently of its secondary, and by no means little useful effect, of carrying the respiratory organs into the freer and purer air, and exposing the system to the extraordinary and (at least in the colder and temperate countries of the earth) the healthful influence of the direct rays of the sun. The degree of the exercise must of course vary with the age, condition, and habits of the individual; but the degree of exercise that is in most cases serviceable, is generally much underrated. Two miles a day is the minimum distance which a person of moderate health and strength ought to walk. If the powers of the system increase, or are stronger to begin with, the minimum ought to be four miles.

The object should be, in most cases, to walk the four miles in an hour; and the invalid, beginning, perhaps, by walking a mile, or a mile and a half, in an hour, might *gradually* increase his rate of walking until he has accomplished this end. Quick walking calls more muscles into action than slow walking. A person can hardly walk quickly without using them to a very considerable extent. It is a maxim so sound and important as to deserve frequent repetition, that the greater the number of the muscles used, the more advantageous will be the exercise. [Robertson on Diet and Regimen.

How to Keep a Horse from Straying.—The Icelanders have a most curious custom, and a most effectual one, of preventing horses from straying, which is peculiar to that country. Two gentlemen, for instance, are riding together without attendants, and wishing to alight for the purpose of visiting some objects at a distance from the road, they tie the head of one horse to the tail of the other, and the head of this to the tail of the former. In this state, it is utterly impossible that they can move on either backwards or forwards, one pulling one way, and the other another; and therefore, if disposed to move at all, it will be only in a circle, and even then there must be an agreement to turn their heads the same way.

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A Paragraph for Peace Societies.—The following is a list of the wars that have taken place between England and France alone:—1141, one year, 1161, twenty-five years; 1191, fifteen years; 1224, nine years; 1294, five years; 1339, twenty-one years; 1368, fifty-two years; 1422, forty-nine years; 1492, one month; 1512, two years; 1521, six years; 1549, one year; 1557, two years; 1627, two years; 1666, one year; 1689, ten years; 1702, eleven years 1744, four years; 1746, seven years; 1793, nine years; 1803, eleven years; and lastly, in 1815, when this calculation was made, fourteen years, making, within a period of seven hundred years, two hundred and sixty-six of desolating wars, and the loss of millions of lives.

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